WITHIN THE GATES OF YILDIZ

JULIEN L. BRODÉ

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HÉLAINE

WITHIN THE GATES OF YILDIZ

A Play in Five Acts

BY

JULIEN L. BRODÉ

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TO

MY FATHER AND FRIEND

F. W. BRODÉ

PREFACE

"Truth is Stranger than Fiction"

During my sojourn at Constantinople, as Special Agent for the Department of Commerce and Labor (now the Department of Commerce), I met many of the characters mentioned in this play. Most of them are still alive, and many are now taking an active part in the making of Turkish history.

Naturally, there is some fiction in the play. It could hardly be otherwise and be a play, but most of the events portrayed actually occurred; perhaps, not exactly in the order given, but, in the development of the plot, very little imagination on my part had to be used.

The events which led up to the dethronement of the Old Sultan were dramatic in extreme, and formed, to my mind, a fitting climax to a stirring story—or play. Originally, I intended to write "Within the Gates of Yildiz" in the form of a novel, as much more in this way could have been brought out

regarding the Young Turk Movement, and the almost bloodless revolution—a truly wonderful one—that followed, and that so upset the old order in Turkey. However, in arranging the plot, the theme came to my mind more easily in the form of a play. Perhaps I have tried to crowd into the play so much that, from a producer's standpoint, I detracted from its value as a production possibility, but I did not care to shorten it by eliminating scenes and discourses that would leave out important developments in the revolution that it was my wish to portray.

After reading the play, one has an idea as to the meaning of the Young Turk Movement, the Committee of Union and Progress; also, an insight into the character of the Old Sultan; life within the Royal Harem; the spy system; the Selamilik, or the royal ceremony of worship; Turkish customs in general, and the inside workings of Turkish politics—all of which are real. Even that part of the play which may be fiction is asserted to be true by the couriers of Constantinople, any one of whom can take you to the very wall of Dolma Bagtché Palace over which Hélaine, our heroine, escaped, and point with local pride to the line in the wall showing where a new wall has been built on top of the old wall, raising the old

wall by some ten feet, and tell you this was done to prevent further girls' escaping.

Your courier will even relate to you the story that mine did to me—how a young French girl who had been kidnaped by the Sultan's agents, and who had been incarcerated in Dolma Bagtché, had made a thrilling escape at this spot one dark and gloomy night; how she had climbed the wall and was fired upon by the guards from within as she jumped to the ground outside; how in the darkness and in great pain and with both ankles sprained she had climbed on her hands and knees through the bushes and over rough rocks, up the rugged hillside—with soldiers, eunuchs and dogs hot on the trail, until faint from exhaustion, she at last reached the top of the hill, and arrived at the French Embassy and to safety.

Is this not the kind of material that makes thrills run up and down your spinal cord when you see it across the footlights?—I leave it to you, gentle reader.

THE AUTHOR.

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"WITHIN THE GATES OF YILDIZ"

A Romantic, Historical and Military Drama in Five Acts. Scene Laid in Constantinople

The Characters, in the order of their appearance.

MIZZET PASHA—A close friend of the Sultan, and the head of the palace Camarilla.

HILMAT PASHA—Grand Visor, and a secret member of the Liberal Union Party.

HABDUL AMID—The Sultan of Turkey.

SAADI BEY—Master of Ceremonies at the Yildiz Kiosh.

MESS. BIDELEUX AND TORIONT—Members of a powerful band of Continental blackmailers and kidnapers.

HÉLAINE PERIOT—Beautiful daughter of a French nobleman and diplomat.

RAYMOND MCKENSIE—Chargé d'Affaires and First Secretary of the American Embassy at Constantinople.

EMVERS BEY—Minister of War, and one of the Young Turks.

AHMED BEY—Minister of Interior.

ISMED PASHA—Minister of Finance.

TALAT BEY—Minister of Marine.

KIANIL PASHA—Minister of Foreign Affairs.

JAVID BEY—Deputy to the Turkish Parliament from Salonika, and a member of

the head committee of the secret society of the Young Turks, called "The Committee of Union and Progress."

KASHA BEY AND MAUHAMID BEY—Officers of the palace guard, secret members of the Committee of Union and Progress.

DEHLIAS—Soudanese slave in the harem, special attendant to Hélaine.

MASSALIA AND ESTER—Caucasian slave girls given to Hélaine by the Sultan.

EVETTE—The Sultan's favorite wife.

MUSTAFA SADI—Chief Eunuch to the Royal Harem, and brother to Dehlias.

HENRI—Waiter at the Galata Café.

GEORGE M. FLEISCHMAN—American Ambassador at Constantinople.

OSCAR OZMUND—American Consul General at Constantinople.

KEVSHET PASHA—Generalissimo of the army of the Young Turks.

MOHAMID ALI BEY—Captain in the army of the Young Turks.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR AND WIFE.

BEH HASSAN ALI—A messenger from the Sultan.

Officers, soldiers, servants, wives of the Sultan, ambassadors and wives from various countries, court musicians, etc.

Five Principals and nine Minor Parts.

PLAN I

Room of State, Yildiz Kiosh

Interior Scene

Doors R2E, R3E (draperies), L3E (draperies); Double doors—C rear (draperies). Window R1E. R2E leads to garden. R3E leads to study. L3E leads to servant quarters. D C Rear opens to hallway. C, large oblong table. In center of table, vase with one large rose. On left end, a large leather box with brass bands at each end of it. Telescope about two to three feet long at R end of table. Few books in a book rack, writing pad and ink are on table suitably arranged.*

Left of table at end, massive armchair, leather finished, with beautiful piece of

* Author's Note.—R2E means Right Second Entrance. The stage for convenience is divided from right first entrance up to right fourth entrance; left first entrance to left fourth entrance. *D* stands for door, *C* stands for center, *R* stands for right, and *L* stands for left. *W* stands for window.

gold cloth thrown over back. Around the table are placed five or six chairs of similar pattern, but smaller. In right rear corner there is a large cheval mirror. L Front, near wings, divan, with screen behind it and in front of it are placed several settees; cushion on couch and on floor; narghile, or water smoking bottle, on small stand in front, to the right of divan.

R1E, by window, is placed small table with some magazines on it and a morris-chair beside it.

On the three walls are hung rugs, some silk prayer rugs and one or two Persian and Turkish rugs of value.

Over door (C rear) there is a large painting, several feet tall, portraying a Turkish soldier embracing a German soldier. No other ornaments are on the walls.

On the floor there are several rugs, and in front of the couch there is a rich red bokhara.

WITHIN THE GATES OF YILDIZ

ACT I

Interior

Scene 1—Room of State in the Sultan's Palace, Yildiz Kiosh
Time, Afternoon

(At Rise

Mizzet Pasha is seated at right of table. Hilmat Pasha is seated in chair behind the table.

Mizzet Pasha has rather dark complexion, and is about forty years old. He wears a black mustache curled at each end. He is about five feet ten inches high. He is well dressed in a dark, fashionable cut-away coat and wears gray trousers and gray spats. He wears a red fez. This character is to be portrayed as a jovial, easy-going man, but shrewd, cunning and outwardly a loyal friend of the Sultan. He is the head of the palace

Camarilla, or band of favorites of the Sultan.

Hilmat Pasha—This character is a man about sixty years old, is about five feet eleven inches, of medium build, and is dignified and wears a pointed gray beard. He wears dark frock coat, dark trousers, black string tie, and red fez. He is the Grand Visor to the Sultan and is a secret member of the Liberal Union Party, which is reactionary and opposed to the Young Turk Party.

The Grand Visor and Mizzet are smoking Turkish cigarettes. For a few moments both are silent. Hilmat is seated with one arm rested on the table, chin in hand, looking intently at Mizzet, who has just blown a puff of smoke at the ceiling and is leaning back in his chair. He takes another puff, straightens up, flicks the ashes from his cigarette and resumes the conversation that has apparently been going on before the audience was allowed to come into the scene by the lifting of the curtain.)

MIZZET—"These Young Turks seem to have everything their own way. It was a remarkable bloodless revolution. They are so entrenched I fear they cannot be easily outrooted."

GRAND VISOR—(*Straightening up and laying the palms of his hands on the table and*

leaning over.) "That is why I sent for you. I thought your fertile brain might suggest a means to an end. We are all simply puppets in their hands. They are planning now to replace the Praetorian palace guards with soldiers from Adrianople and Salonika."

MIZZET—"I hear they have already removed the officers and have replaced them with others who are secret members of their Committee of Union and Progress."

GRAND VISOR—"It is true. Their accurst membership fills every niche in the realm. We do not know whom to trust. Something drastic must be done, or we are out of it forever. That constitution the Sultan was forced to grant them last summer must be revoked."

MIZZET—(*Smokes a moment.*) "I have a plan that originated with me before I left England. When I present it to the Sultan, you must seemingly oppose it. This will more quickly win him to the idea. Once I arouse his cupidity and you his antagonism towards your opposition of the plan, he will carry it through. When he first ascended the throne, did he not at once repeal the constitution his Uncle Abdul Aziz had just granted and did he not have banished the originators of it? (*Rising.*) If he had the

audacity to revoke that one, then he will do so in this case if we spur him to it."

GRAND VISOR—"And with the constitution revoked the Young Turk Party will fall!" (*He rubs his hands together.*)

(*Master of Ceremonies, Saadi Bey, appears in doorway C rear; he wears a black frock coat, dark trousers, string tie and red fez. He has single decoration over his right breast.*)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES—"His Majesty, the Sultan." (*Salaams and withdraws.*)

(*Both the Grand Visor and Mizzet Pasha arise and face the door C back. Sultan appears in doorway, pauses a moment. Grand Visor and Mizzet Pasha both salute him Turkish fashion; i. e., deep bow and right hand first toward ground, then to chest, lips and to forehead, in a fast movement.*)

SULTAN—"Gentlemen." (*He comes down stage.*) "Ah, Mizzet, I am glad to see you have returned. Evidently your stay in England has done you no harm." (*Sultan extends hand to Mizzet.*)

MIZZET PASHA—(*Shaking hands.*) "No, your majesty, it was a healthy sojourn." (*All three laugh.*)

(*Sultan walks over to big chair, head of table, sits down and waves the others to do likewise. The Sultan wears a black string*

tie, dark trousers, red fez, like the others, and a long brown smoking coat that extends to knees and is bound at waist with a cord like that of a bath robe. He has a black beard, cut to a point; he has a prominent nose, rather beaked. He carries himself well, has a distinguished air and a mannerism that portrays him to be full of vigor.)

SULTAN—(*Jokingly.*) "When the Young Turks made manifest their power last summer, your flight was so precipitant that I thought you would scarcely catch cold." (*All three laugh again.*) "What cheerful news do you bring? This continual plotting and counter-plotting is about driving me mad. I have missed you, Mizzet, you were always prolific in schemes that gave diversion to the brain and gold to the pocket."

MIZZET—"Ah, it is one that now brings me back." (*He leans over the table and speaks eagerly and rapidly.*) "Stocks the world over are now at inflated prices. Investments and expansions in industrial, mining and railroad enterprises and even in ordinary business pursuits have been progressing on too large a scale. Prosperity has been rampant, borrowers are becoming too broad in their views. Curtailment and contraction is now in order. A reaction is in the wind, and

the big banks of London, Paris, Berlin and New York are beginning to hearken unto it. Several labor strikes in England and America for increased wages are being agitated. At the moment" (*Clenches fist and brings it on the table.*) "we have the finest chance we ever had to make a wonderful bear coup in stocks." (*He spreads hands.*) "But we must act quickly, quietly, and we will need much gold."

SULTAN—(*Reclining in chair.*) "Mizzet, you are convincing, your sagacity and foresight is usually marvelous; but you come to me now at a time when I have no idle money." (*He straightens up, clenches both fists and glares a moment down stage, then to Hilmat.*) "This accurst constitution I granted last summer has curtailed my revenue far more than I anticipated. Why was I ever allowed to consent to the demands of these impudent upstarts, the so-called Committee of Union and Progress. Such wisdom as thine, Hilmat, should have foreseen these dire results." (*Sinks back in chair.*)

GRAND VISOR—"Your majesty, no one dreamed that they would dare entertain the prerogatives that they are now assuming, but their demands were placed before us at a time when we could ill have postponed

them further. Peace had to be had at any price. The army except that part located at Constantinople had been won over, and the Young Turks had the sympathy of a vast number of people in Albania and elsewhere. The cause of the unrest which brought about this revolution can be traced far back. The real germ was planted when your uncle, Sultan Abdul Aziz, permitted the establishment of the Roberts College." (*Mizzet gets up and walks up and down back stage, smoking.*) "For in that American institution there has been hatched ideas that now permeate the Young Turk Movement in this country. It is now too late to fight this spirit. We must recognize it and turn it to advantage politically rather than lose prestige by fighting it."

SULTAN—(*Impatiently.*) "That is just what I did do when I granted the damned thing and gave out I was its protector; but how turn it to advantage to give me funds? Formerly I had full control over the Imperial Treasury." (*Pounds the table.*) "I want more funds, if with popularity, well and good, but have them I shall, with or without the popularity."

GRAND VISOR—"You still have vested in you certain powers, and in lieu of what you have done in proclaiming the constitution,

the Young Turks would not oppose you in exploiting the mines of Asia Minor, developing the petroleum fields of Mesopotamia, or participating in the railroad project from Trebizond on the Black Sea to Alexandretta on the Mediterranean. These will all yield handsome revenues."

MIZZET PASHA—(*Coming before the Sultan.*) "Your Majesty, time is too short to devise new means of raising revenue. You are greatly handicaped in this foolish constitution, and if you remember I opposed it bitterly. The simplest and quickest way is to repeal it. The control of the finances will enable us to launch this stock campaign at once, and from it we will gain enough gold to build for ourselves the railroad, work the mines and exploit the oil fields. We are sure to increase many hundred folds our investments." (*Comes before Sultan, and excitedly.*) "We would revel in a rain of gold. This is our big chance! You are the Sultan of the Empire; 'the Great Calif,' 'Head of all Islam,' 'the Shadow of God on Earth.' You can do no wrong; your will is Law; Sultan of a hundred Sultans, issue without delay an Iradé repealing the constitution."

HILMAT—(*Horrified.*) "But the people, Your Majesty."

MIZZET—"People, Bah!" (*Snaps fingers.*)

"You repealed the constitution your Uncle Abdul Aziz granted when you first came to the throne and what was the outcome?" (*Paces to and from front stage.*) "They bent to your will and will do so again. Human nature is human nature. The sterner you are with the dog and the woman the more they respect and love you: cajole and pet them, yield to their every whim, and as likely as not you will find the dog snapping at your hand; and the woman—Bah!" (*Stops before Sultan and Grand Visor.*) "If the people revolt we have the army in the city, and the Prætorian Guards."

GRAND VISOR—"Yes, but the officers, I am sure, are all members of the secret committee of the Committee of Union and Progress, and the poorly paid soldiers cannot be counted upon any too well."

MIZZET—(*Standing beside his chair.*) "By that time, Your Majesty, we can buy each soldier in the army and wouldn't miss it. With gold—baktche—we can control their very souls. At our command they will destroy every officer in the army we name. We hold the whip; use it." (*Sits down.*)

SULTAN—(*Arising and to Grand Visor, who is about to speak. Both Mizzet and Grand Visor arise.*) "Enough said. Ever since that constitution was passed I have felt

whipped and have done nothing but sign compulsorily Iradi after Iradi, decimating my power. I was unduly coerced in acceding to it." (*To Grand Visor.*) "Call together my cabinet of ministers and formulate an Iradi repealing in toto the Constitution granted last summer. Say to the cabinet that the Constitution passed was not sufficiently embracive and" (*Pause.*) "a broader one is under consideration by me." (*He looks at Mizzet.*)

GRAND VISOR—(*Starting to speak and holding out his hands in supplication.*) "But, Your Majesty?"

SULTAN—(*Extends right hand, fingers up.*) "Proceed, your Sultan has spoken." (*Grand Visor bows and departs, Exit C rear door.*

Sultan sits down again and motions Mizzet to do likewise; both light cigarettes.)

MIZZET—"Well spoken, Your Majesty. Give the dogs just a little rope and the next thing they will consider will be which of their number they desire to nominate for the presidency." (*Both smile. Sultan claps his hand and there enters at once a servant from L3E.*)

SULTAN—"Coffee." (*Servant salaams and withdraws. Servant is dressed in white, red fez with white turban. He wears red*

sash. He wears baggy trousers that fit close to calf of leg from knee to ankle. His coat extends below belt, nearly to knees. Coat has tight sleeves.)

MUEZZIN OR PRIEST—(*A voice is heard calling in distance from a minaret the faithful to prayer.*) "Allah Akber (4 times), Esse ha dou allah-il laha il-allah (2 times), Esse hadou anneh Mohammedan rissool-ullah. (2 times) Hooyah-ul-fellah (2 times) la il lah il allah!" (*Mizzet walks to the window, R1E, from which the call comes. He looks out and returns to the table, picks up the telescope and walking back to the window looks out through the telescope. The Sultan watches him with interest.*)

AUTHOR'S NOTE

MUEZZIN'S PRAYER CALL IN FULL

(*This is given to the four directions. Muezzin walks around the minaret as he calls. The call is rendered in high key, singsong tune, more of a wail than a call. It can be heard a very long distance. Most Muezzins have beautiful flute-like voices.*) *The* call translated is as follows:—

"Great one, I avow there is no God but

God—I avow that Mohammed is his prophet. Let us go and pray. Let us go save our souls. God is Great, there is no God but God."

SULTAN—"I suppose, Mizzet, you will now be recommending a new odalisque to my harem."

MIZZET—(*Still looking out.*) "Not this time. I was just thinking how easily an enemy in yonder minaret could, with a high power rifle, snuff you off as you here sat by the window some balmy day. (*He turns from window and walks toward table.*) You see, Your Majesty, your welfare is constantly in my mind." (*Bows.*)

(*The Sultan shows every vestige of fear. He draws back, cringes, squirms, shudders and finally with an effort arouses himself and fairly rushes to the window, seizing the telescope from Mizzet as he passes. He takes a quick survey with the instrument and then lays it on small table by the window and claps his hands twice. At once there appears an orderly dressed in Albanian soldier's white uniform, who salutes and bows.*)

SULTAN—(*Hurriedly and pointing out of window.*) "Proceed at once to the head priest of Ali Hamedi mosque and tell him his Sultan disapproves of the architecture of the minaret that disgraces the front of his mosque. Com-

mand its instant destruction." (*Orderly makes move to go.*) "Hold, say a more becoming one will be erected in its site as a gift from his Sultan at some time that will suit his Sultan's pleasure." (*Orderly starts to go, but Sultan holds up detaining hand.*) "Within the hour I want its obnoxious form removed from my vision."

(*The Sultan walks back to his chair and falls back into it in anguish.*)

SULTAN—"The thought that what might have happened will torment me sorely. Ah, Mizzet, the fear of sudden death with which my being is suffused is like a drop of acid eating on my brain." (*He places both hands to his temples.*) "I think, at times, that my brother Beshad, whom I imprisoned many years ago, placed a curse on me. Malicious and terrible is the law that decrees that a ruler shall be succeeded by his eldest living brother instead of his first son. Thus, instead of mutual love being constant between two brothers, hatred is engendered and fratricide tempted; by one, to satisfy his ambition; by the other, as a defense to his throne."

MIZZET—(*Shrugging shoulders.*) "Yes, but it is the law." (*He walks to the window and looks out.*)

SULTAN—(*Eyeing him keenly and to him-*

self, apart.) "My friend Mizzet is getting very solicitous. As Richelieu says, 'He bows too low.' Back of his words, portraying the fondness he conceives for me, he has himself foremost in mind. A fine spectacle, the Sultan a cat's paw for a knave. I shall consider carefully before allowing published that Irade recalling the Constitution."

(*Enter C Door rear Master of Ceremony. The Sultan looks up inquiringly. Master of Ceremony has two cards in his hand, which he holds out.*)

MASTER OF CEREMONY—"These two men come from Paris. They wish to speak to you privately. They have the password from Monsieur Kuni. They have a third person in the carriage whom they state they wish to present to you. May I present them?"

SULTAN—"Bring them in."

(*Master of Ceremony bows and departs.*)

MIZZET—"I must be off. I await your pleasure in your decision regarding the stock campaign. Adieu!" (*Salutes Turkish fashion, giving the tamena.*)

SULTAN—"Adieu! I have the matter under consideration." (*Looks to the door C rear.*)

(*Exit Mizzet R3E.*)

(*The Master of Ceremony enters C D Rear, as Mizzet makes exit through R3E.*

He brings with him Mess. Bideleux and Toriont, and coming down stage presents them to the Sultan. The men are young, thirty to thirty-five, are dressed in the height of Parisian fashion. Both wear frock coats, pearl trousers, gray spats, patent leather shoes and small mustache cut high off the lip. They wear white waistcoats and have glasses on black ribbons around their necks.)

MASTER OF CEREMONY—"Your Majesty, by your leave, I present to you Monsieur Bideleux and Monsieur Toriont, of Paris." (*Both bow deeply. Master of Ceremony bows and departs, exit C D Rear.*)

M. BIDELEUX—(*As spokesman, he stands nearest the audience.*) "Your Majesty, Leader of the Faithful, El Ghazi, Padisha, Conqueror, and King of Kings, Imperial Sultan of Turkey and all her domains, Fountain Head of Wisdom and most esthetic Appraiser of great beauty, to you, most noble Effendi, who, having gathered such wonderful flowers, can the more appreciate one whose charm, whose beauty, whose grace, and whose divinity of form surpasses all others as the noonday sun does the starlight; I repeat, to you, comes the great fortune of being selected by my master, M. Kuni, to be the recipient of a most incomparable gift."

TORIONT—(*Second Emissary.*) "Our

master, M. Kuni, presents his compliments and wishes me to say that of all his honored, noble and royal clients it was of you whom he thought when his eye was gladdened by the first sight of our fair charge."

SULTAN—"Such eloquence must be built on well-founded assurances."

BIDELEUX—"You, honored Sultan, think we exaggerate! But, bade us to bring her to you, and once your eye feast upon her, you will mock us for our stupidity in portrayal."

TORIONT—(*Bowing.*) "It is a sacrilege to attempt to describe her, Your Majesty!"

SULTAN—"If you are correct in your chivalrous laudations, as I presume you must be, though what tickles the palate of one man may be distasteful to that of another, I am afraid my very solicitous friend Kuni will expect me to be over generous in my reimbursement for the inconvenience he has subjected himself and, especially, you two gentlemen. At present, my exchequer is as bare as the proverbial cupboard. Nevertheless, Messieurs, your manner and complimentary address both please and flatter me. It would be rude of me to refuse to receive dear Kuni's presentation, and, while I commit myself in no way, I shall be pleased to see what Kuni says is the fairest of the fair." (*Sultan stands up and waves them to the*

door C. Rear. Emissaries bow and withdraw through D C Rear.)

(*Sultan claps hands once. Servant quickly enters from DL3E.*)

SULTAN—"My coat, quick."

(*Servant makes hurried exit DL3E. The Sultan removes his smoking coat. Enter servant L3E with frock coat, takes the smoking coat from the Sultan and holds frock coat for him, then he withdraws quickly through same exit, L3E. Sultan walks over to glass in R corner rear, smooths his coat, and walks down stage to his couch, sits down, takes out cigarette, lights match, reflects a moment, shrugs his shoulders.*)

SULTAN—"Anyway, it costs nothing to have a look." (*Lights cigarette.*)

(*Servant enters D C rear and stands aside, holding back drapery. Enter through same door Bideleux and Toriont with young girl between them. She wears smart-fitting suit that shows a beautiful figure to advantage, suitable hat, etc. Her veil is pulled up from mouth and nose, but nearly shades her eyes. The girl is strikingly beautiful. She carries herself well. Her hand rests in Bideleux's arm, and he and Toriont bring her down stage and they present her to the Sultan. The Sultan continues to lean back in his seat and looks at the girl through*

veiled lids. He blows out a puff of smoke.)

BIDELEUX—"Your Majesty, I present with your permission, my charge, Mademoiselle Hélaine Periot." (*Hélaine bows and the Sultan acknowledges her with slight nod. He eyes her keenly and with admiration.*)

TORIONT—"To be frank with you, Your Majesty, this young lady is no ordinary person. Her father is a nobleman and well known in European aristocratic circles. He has represented his government in several foreign courts, and at present is a member of the French Embassy at Berlin. He, in some way, became involved in a socialistic plot in Germany to make it a Republic, concerning which the Turkish Ambassador gained full cognizance. It is therefore in your Ambassador's power to ruin him in Germany and have him discredited in his own country. He is completely in the hands of your Ambassador, as the plot itself has become known and its instigators are being urgently sought."

TORIONT—(*Smiling clandestinely at Sultan.*) "My Master, M. Kuni, arranged it all" (*looking knowingly at Bideleux*), "that is, for Mademoiselle to come here with us and ask that word from you that will

quickly clear the name of her father. She was running away to a nunnery when we found her." (*Sultan looks surprised.*)

SULTAN—(*To Hélaine, who has been standing with head more or less averted to avoid the steady gaze the Sultan had been giving her during the above conversation.*) "Remove your veil and hat, my dear, and come over and tell me all about yourself."

(*To Bideleux and Toriont.*) "Pray leave us for a while. In my study there" (*pointing to R3E.*) "you will find my secretary and servants, who will gratify your every wish. Make yourselves comfortable." (*Toriont and Bideleux bow and make exit R3E.*)

(*Enter servant L3E with coffee utensils; i. e., brass vessel like a stew pan, small cups without handles, set in silver holders; round coffee mill, cylinder shaped; brass jars containing sugar and coffee. Sultan takes Hélaine by the hand and leads her to the couch.*)

SULTAN—"Please sit on the divan beside me while I make you a cup of coffee."

(*Servant sets down the tray on settee in front of Sultan, who motions him away. Servant salaams, makes exit L3E. Sultan sits down and lights the spirit lamp.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Clasping hands.*) "This is

delightful, and odd, having tea with a Sultan."

SULTAN—"No, coffee!!" (*Both laugh.*) "Tell me, Mademoiselle, how you met these gentlemen" (*Places water in brass boiling pan, which is on the fire, and begins grinding some coffee*) "and in what manner you were persuaded to come here. You—in a nunnery. This smacks of a romance. Tell me about yourself."

HÉLAINE—"But, Your Majesty, won't you remove your fez? The gentlemen in my country, including the nobility, all remove their hats in the presence of a lady, especially in the house; otherwise, they show her disrespect. Is it not the custom here?"

SULTAN—(*Very much amused and laughingly.*) "Yes, my dear, for gentlemen from your country; otherwise, we would be insulted, but it is not the custom for a Turk. You are refreshingly amusing; please proceed." (*He pours coffee and sugar into the pan and stirs it with a ladle.*)

HÉLAINE—"My parents had high ambitions for me and were anxious that I marry a man I did not love. Because of my mother's insistence that I marry a certain old Duke whom I hated, I ran away and was en route to the nunnery of Sacre Cour De Blée in Normandy when——"

SULTAN—(*Pouring out a cup of coffee and handing it to Hélaine.*) "To hide such a beautiful face in a nunnery, for shame!"

HÉLAINE—(*Taking coffee.*) "You are very complimentary, Your Majesty." (*Sips coffee and makes wry face.*) "What odd tasting coffee! Is this the kind you always drink?"

SULTAN—(*Sipping a cup he has poured for himself.*) "After you have drank it a while you will care for no other. Continue, *s'il vous plaît.*"

HÉLAINE—"There is very little more to say."

SULTAN—"Did your father know of this?"

HÉLAINE—"I sent him a despatch to Berlin telling him of my plans and when I would execute them unless he intervened and promised to let me marry whom I pleased."

SULTAN—(*Looking up inquiringly.*) "So?"

HÉLAINE—"At Toulon I was met by Messieurs Bideleux and Toriont, who said that my father had received the despatch and would help me, but that he was in trouble himself and needed me at once in Berlin, and for me to come with them without delay."

SULTAN—"They had credentials?"

HÉLAINE—"They showed me a despatch which bore my father's name as the signature, directing them to intercept me at Toulon and to bring me at once to Berlin with them."

SULTAN—(*Inquiringly.*) "You went to Berlin" (*Pause*), "but didn't see your father?"

HÉLAINE—(*Looking up quickly and saying hesitatingly.*) "No-o, I was carried to the Adlon Hotel and there introduced to a distinguished elderly gentleman, who explained that my father had to leave the city hurriedly on account of a serious political scandal in which he was involved, but that my father had besought him to urge me to come directly to Constantinople and present myself to you, and to explain that I was his daughter and to deliver this document and that he felt sure that your instructions to the Turkish Ambassador would be such that the scandal would be hushed and my father would be saved from ruin."

SULTAN—"Where is the document?"

HÉLAINE—(*Taking it from her bosom, and giving it to the Sultan.*) "Here."

SULTAN—(*Takes it, arises and walks front stage, aside.*) "Clever Kuni, clever Kuni. The devil machinates and Kuni executes. A finer working pair are yet to be found."

(*Opens document.*) "I see he has not forgotten how to write Turkish." (*Reads.*) "Your Majesty, Kismet still smiles on you. See what has befallen thy lucky lot to receive. A letter written by this little goddess to her father fell into our hands. Her beauty is known all over northern Europe, and her hand in marriage is craved by some of our most brilliant noblemen. She will grace your harem as never before was graced a Turkish harem. She will give to you, if you can but win her confidence, greater companionship than all the ox-eyed beauties from the Caucasus and Georgias. Send me the beggarly sum of five hundred thousand francs, call it cheap, and say the deed has been well done. Adieu. Kuni."

(*Whistling, and aside.*) "Five hundred thousand francs! This must be a priceless jewel, or ought to be, and no money in the strong box." (*Shakes his head.*) "Anyway, we shall see what we shall see." (*Turns to girl.*) "Your father is indeed in a serious predicament; no dishonorable act on his own part, but circumstances are liable to place him at the mercy of his enemies. We will discuss his affairs a little later. Let me first show you around the palace garden." (*He and Hélaine arise. Just then there is heard a loud detonation in the distance; both start.*

The Sultan rushes to the window, RIE.) "'Tis well." (*Wipes his brow with a handkerchief.*) "God preserves those who preserve themselves." (*To girl.*) "'Tis nothing, some workmen blasting on the Bosphorus."

HÉLAINE—(*Looking at the rugs on the wall.*) "What beautiful rugs; but why do you hang them on the wall, instead of pictures?"

SULTAN—(*When Hélaine first notices the rugs, holds hands in prayer and looks skyward.*) "We Turks never portray in design any living objects. It is so decreed in the Koran; hence we never make pictures. My nomadic ancestors used rugs on the walls of their tents to keep out the draughts from the crevices, and we being a conservative people have been simply following the custom from habit. But these are nothing, my choicest treasures are in the capital of a distant country."

HÉLAINE—"Indeed?"

SULTAN—(*Sadly.*) "Aye, my priceless old Ghorges, Kirmans, Tabrizes, Dogestans and Shrivans, heirlooms and gifts from Pshas, Califs, Sheiks, from Persia to Morocco."

HÉLAINE—"Why did you give them up?"

SULTAN—"The Empress was my guest; she admired them. It's our custom."

HÉLAINE—"Did you receive no present in return?"

SULTAN—(*Dryly.*) "Oh, yes, *regardez.*" (*He points to the picture, over door C rear, portraying a German and Turkish soldier in close embrace.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Bursting out laughing.*) "Excuse me, I can't help it. It is so absurd it makes me laugh."

SULTAN—"Don't! It makes me sad. Stop laughing, you profane the costliest picture in the Turkish Empire."

HÉLAINE—(*Wiping her eyes.*) "And nothing else?"

SULTAN—"Oh, yes. The marble fountain to the people in Stamboul; molding public sentiment, my dear. The Bagdad railroad, a land route from Berlin to India. It's all in the game, but may cause our people a lot of bloodshed, sooner or later, and the English a lot of worry and money."

HÉLAINE—(*Looks at the picture and laughs again.*) "Why not hang it in the fountain?"

SULTAN—"Capital idea." (*Laughs. He takes her by the arm and leads her to the door R3E.*) "Now let me show you my beautiful garden. In it I have the most

wonderful collection of pigeons in the world. Some of them are as large as roosters."

HÉLAINE—(*Excitedly.*) "Really? I should love to see them." (*Exeunt R2E.*)

(*Enter Raymond McKensie, with Master of Ceremony at C rear. Raymond McKensie is man twenty-eight, tall, blue eyes and brown hair, clean shaven and nicely dressed in gray suit, fedora hat, gloves, cane in hand, tan shoes.*)

RAYMOND—"The men are not here."

MASTER OF CEREMONY—"They must be in this room." (*Points to DR3E.*)

RAYMOND—"Where is His Majesty and the young lady?"

MASTER OF CEREMONY—"They are promenading in the garden."

RAYMOND—"Please inform the two Frenchmen that their courier wishes to speak to them at once."

MASTER OF CEREMONY—"Their courier? Effendi?"

RAYMOND—"Yes, they know me as that."

(*Master of Ceremony makes exit R3E. Raymond walks to window and looks out and shakes his fist at an imaginary foe. Master of Ceremony, accompanied by Bideleux and Toriont, enter from R3E.*)

BIDELEUX—(*Apparently irritated.*) "You! I thought we dismissed you at the gate."

RAYMOND—(*To Master of Ceremony.*) "Leave us a moment, please." (*Master of Ceremony withdraws D C rear.*)

RAYMOND—"What's the game? I am just informed through a secret source that you are trying to sell to the Sultan that charming young lady we brought here a few moments ago. Is that correct?"

BIDELEUX—(*Taken back.*) "That is none of your business."

RAYMOND—"I'll make it some of my business."

BIDELEUX—(*Walking up to him and glaring him in the eye, and sarcastically.*) "It is like a courier to be a braggadocio at a time and place like this where his insolence has a chance of going unpunished." (*Hisses.*) "I suppose you want me to ask your price."

RAYMOND—(*Looking at him in contempt.*) "I am not a courier, and even if I were I wouldn't honor you by being insulted by you." (*Takes card from pocket.*) "Here is my card. I served you out of courtesy to the lady, and if she is not safely back to the hotel this evening there will be hell to pay for you two slick ones." (*He turns on his back and walks off exit C rear.*)

BIDELEUX—(*Reading the card.*) "Raymond McKensie, Chargé d'Affaires, American Embassy."

BIDELEUX—(*Whistling in surprise.*) "The Chargé d'Affaires of the American Embassy!"

TORIONT—"He didn't have the air of a courier, and I was very suspicious when he refused to receive the pay for his services."

BIDELEUX—"Well, it might be worse. We can rig up a dummy, or take a substitute from the Sultan's household and go direct from here to the depot to-night."

TORIONT—(*Smiling.*) "These Americans are so unique. Imagine a Chargé d'Affaires of the Embassy acting as a courier to three persons he never saw before, simply for the love of an adventure."

BIDELEUX—"He may get one out of it. Damn him!"

Curtain

ACT II

Scene 1—Sublime Porte-Ministers' Chamber
Time—Afternoon Same Day

(*Plain room, finished in oak. Door at* L1E *and double doors at center rear. Large table at R of center on which are placed ten portfolios containing writing materials. Tables run up and down stage. Seated at the table in heavy oak chairs are as follows:*
EMVERS BEY—*The Minister of War.*
AHMED BEY—*The Minister of the Interior.*
ISMED PASHA—*The Minister of Finance.*
TALAT BEY—*The Minister of the Marine.*
KIAMIL PASHA—*The Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

All the ministers wear frock coats and red fezzes. They are tall and dignified, and wear beards, all more or less gray, except the Minister of War, who is seated at left of table and is nearest front stage. He has before him a stack of telegrams. The Minister of War is young man with small black mustache. He is a secret member of the mysterious Young Turk Committee of Union and

Progress. The other ministers lean to the old Sultan and are at heart enemies to the Young Turks.)

MINISTER OF WAR, EMVERS BEY—"Gentlemen, I have here dispatches from various parts of the Empire, mostly from Vilayets in Albania, Macedonia, describing petty uprisings, uneasiness among the people, and budding revolutions which are being suppressed as fast as they are recognized. Shall my instructions to the commandants in charge be that they are promptly to shoot the ring leaders and confiscate their property for the state, to arrest all suspects and after trial to banish them if evidence is not strong enough to convict, so that to make sure justice has not miscarried?"

MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, KIAMIL PASHA—"I am afraid that is only skimming the surface. I believe the people of troubled Albania are being abetted in their unrest by the Bulgarians, Servians, Greeks, and perhaps likewise by the Montenegrins. My spies in these named countries all tell me that feverish military preparations are now going on. It is only a question of time when a proper understanding will be reached among them and they will use as a pretext any substantial revolt in Albania to join forces with the insurgents against us."

MINISTER OF INTERIOR, AHMED BEY—"If we had good roads, or even passable ones, so that the country at large could enjoy a free interchange of commerce, so that the natives from different parts, by mingling, could exchange ideas, the Empire would then become more unified and a better understanding would arise, and these troublesome little uprisings would end; but I need funds to carry out this road and bridge construction propaganda."

MINISTER OF MARINE, TALAT BEY—"Albania is fated to become a seat of trouble. Austria for a long time has had covetous eyes upon her, and nothing would suit the Black Eagle better than to see a revolution start that we could not suppress, so she would have the pretext of stepping in to police it for us in order to safeguard the interest of her resident subjects. Behold the fate of Bosnia and Herzegovina."

MINISTER OF WAR, EMVERS BEY—"This inaction on our part is simply encouraging our enemies to unite against us." (*To the Minister of State.*) "May we not agitate again the question of Crete and bring it to an issue?

"Let us demand from Greece an ultimatum regardless of the Powers' demands of the maintenance of the 'Status Quo' to the

situation. By taking the offensive at this time and thoroughly thrashing Greece, which I am satisfied we can do, we can then so intimidate the Servians, Montenegrins and Bulgarians that their ideas of war will be dispelled. A successful war with Greece will stir up patriotism in Albania and unite her completely. We can thus intimidate these States, and at the same time unite Albania through patriotism with the rest of the Empire. Nothing would do this so well as a war, and especially a victorious one. We, in this way, can put off perhaps for another generation a disastrous war against the combined Balkan States. They have not yet forgotten our previous victories over them, and they remember full well the terrible Turk when he fights. To delay this is suicidal. Every month, yes, every week, gives strength and better understanding to our enemies."

MINISTER OF MARINE, TALAT BEY—"From the last report our treasury lacked the funds to wage a war, and, as you know, our borrowing power just at this time is at a low ebb." (*To Minister of Finance.*) "Ismed, in what financial condition are we now to wage war on Greece?"

MINISTER OF FINANCE, ISMED PASHA—"In no condition as yet. Our increased revenue derived from the constitution we se-

cured last summer from the Sultan has been going to pay back interest on old loans and for certain civic improvements, which must be made immediately. For instance, a number of the pontoons under the Galata bridges are in a bad condition and are about to sink, so they are being replaced."

MINISTER OF INTERIOR, AHMED BEY—"A number of bridges in the interior must be rebuilt if we do not want fresh revolts. The people grumble about heavy taxes and no benefits. With the advent of the constitution they expected magical changes all at once."

(*Knock is heard on Door C Rear.*)

MINISTER OF MARINE.—"Enter."

(*Door opens and page appears.*)

PAGE—(*After saluting.*) "Javid Bey, Deputy from Salonika, is without and seeks presentation. May I admit him?"

(*Ministers look at each other a moment and no one seemingly is opposed to the request.*)

MINISTER OF MARINE, TALAT BEY—"Present the Effendi."

(*Exit Page. He appears with Javid Bey, who is a slender built man about thirty-five years old. He wears gray sack suit, fez, slight mustache and eye-glasses. He is an important member of the secret head com-*

mittee of the reform party, the Committee of Union and Progress.)

JAVID BEY—(*Coming down stage after saluting and receiving in return salutes from the ministers.*) "Good-day, gentlemen. Ah, I perceive the Grand Visor is absent." (*He stands at L, front stage.*)

MINISTER OF WAR, EMVERS BEY—"We expect him any moment. He sent word for us to proceed with business in hand as matters at Yildiz would perhaps detain him. What have you to place before us, friend Javid?"

JAVID BEY—"I have here bills that I wish to present before you and the Chamber of Deputies pertaining to the resurrection of old Turkey, so that we shall be styled no longer the Sick Man of Europe, but instead, the Rejuvenated One."

(*He takes a stack of folded papers from his pocket and reads the inscriptions written on the back of each.*)

"These are for the establishment of—a municipal telephone system; electric light plant; electric car system; new bridge over the Golden Horn——"

MINISTER OF FINANCE, ISMED PASHA—(*Smiling.*) "With what funds, pray suggest, can these expensive plans be enacted?"

JAVID BEY—"If a city of over a million

souls has no means of erecting these plants, we can easily sell the rights to foreigners to do so. There is not another city in the world with so many natural advantages as Constantinople that is so poorly conducted in respect to the comforts of modern facilities. Why, a company would get rich quickly if we would allow it to monopolize an electric car system, lighting plant, telephone system or a new toll bridge. Do you know that over one hundred and fifty thousand people pass daily over that ramshackle old Galata bridge, to and fro from Stamboul?" (*Pause—looks at another paper.*) "Here is a bill to do away with the dogs of Constantinople." (*All the ministers look at each other and laugh.*)

MINISTER OF MARINE, TALAT BEY—"Your reforms are sweeping, Mr. Deputy from Salonika, but as a politician, is it wise to stir up a row against yourself and against the administration by such a drastic and radical act as doing away with the dogs of the city? They are Constantinople's oldest institution."

JAVID BEY—"Nevertheless, they must go. Breeders of disease, mangy and flee bitten, they are a loathsome sight and form the only blot on this beautiful spot Allah has given us. If we do not annihilate them, we can at least place them on an island, and there all

dog lovers can go and carry them food, but it is more humane to kill them. I know of a suitable island near Prinka Poo."

MINISTER OF MARINE, TALAT BEY—"And the refuse of the city—has your fertile brain likewise devised some scheme of removing this?"

JAVID BEY—"Like any other city of Europe, by carts and wagons. We enjoy the privilege of making necessary expenditures for the good of the city under our constitution."

(*At the word "wagons" the Grand Visor has entered the room hurriedly from DR2E, and goes to his chair at the head of the table. At the mention of the Constitution, he stops a moment before sitting down and says to Javid Bey.*)

GRAND VISOR HILMAT PASHA—"What is that about the Constitution?" (*Seats himself.*)

MINISTER OF FINANCE ISMED PASHA—"Javid Bey has been enlightening us with the way in which he intends to reform the commonwealth, the last, which he was explaining as you came in, was a proposal to exterminate or maroon on an island all the dogs of the city and replace the scavenger service with a modern European white wing equip-

ment, the same to be installed and supported by the city." (*All laugh.*)

GRAND VISOR HILMAT PASHA—"With the additional income for civic improvements granted by the Constitution, eh? Well, the Sultan has commanded me that he wants us to draw up an Irade recalling the Constitution in toto, same to be sent to him at once for his perusal and signature." (*Consternation is shown in faces of Emvers Bey and Javid Bey. They look from one to the other.*)

MINISTER OF WAR, EMVERS BEY—(*Walking over to Javid—aside.*) "I see in this the fine Italian hand of Mizzet, who returned from England this morning."

JAVID BEY—(*His face white and tense, fists clenched—aside.*) "A bad day's work when we let him get away."

MINISTER OF WAR, EMVERS BEY—(*Aside.*) "Well, brother?"

JAVID BEY—(*Aside.*) "It is as I feared. Only one thing, war, and to the end."

MINISTER OF WAR, EMVERS BEY—(*Aside.*) "We can't go back to the old order. The Empire wouldn't last a year."

JAVID BEY—(*To ministers.*) "The spirit we need in the Empire to make men of us, instead of puppets, is to be sure we are right and then go ahead, regardless of consequences. Shall we see Turkey cut into piece-

meal, and fed to the Vultures of Europe who sit by patiently waiting the death rattle before gouging themselves with bits of our fair country, so fertile and productive that in spite of the enormous drains made upon her, in spite of the ignorance, superstition and the drawbacks of misgovernment of hundreds of years, she manages to live and keep her independence?

"There is not another nation in the world that would have preserved its integrity so long under similar conditions. For our national existence this Constitution must not be revoked."

(*The Grand Visor, while Javid Bey was talking, took a document from his pocket, signed it and passed it along to the various ministers, who in turn read and signed it. The Minister of Finance reads and signs it.*)

MINISTER OF FINANCE, ISMED PASHA—"Javid, here is the Irade, recalling the Constitution, drawn up and signed by the ministers, as requested by his Majesty. It is now ready for his perusal and signature before becoming a law." (*Sarcastically.*) "Perhaps your eloquence may convince his Majesty of the error of his ways, and you may take it to him and persuade him not to sign it—eh, Hilmat?" (*Hilmat nods. Ismed passes the document to the Minister of War.*

The Minister of War, after signing the document, gives it to Hilmat and then walks to L. C. to Javid Bey.)

MINISTER OF WAR, EMVERS BEY—(*Aside, pleadingly.*) "It will do no good, but will make you a marked man, and we need you."

JAVID BEY—(*Aside.*) "Yes, but I shall take it to him. God help me to convince him of his injustice before it is too late to do so by peaceful means."

GRAND VISOR, HILMAT PASHA—(*Waving the document.*) "Well, Javid, how about it?"

JAVID BEY—(*Walking over to the Grand Visor, taking the document from him and ramming it in his inside breast pocket.*) "I shall take it to him." (*He turns on his heel and makes exit L2E. The others look at each other. Minister of Finance and Grand Visor laugh.*)

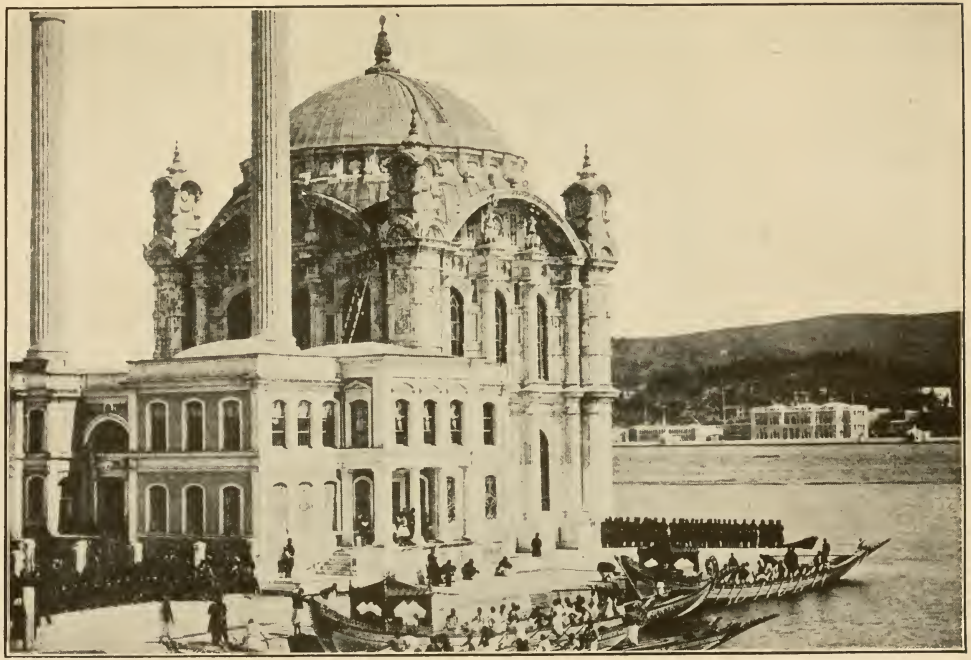
Curtain

Scene 2—The Garden of Yildiz
Time—Later, Same Afternoon

(*The garden is on a hillside, and in the distance over the low wall in the background can be seen the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn and Stamboul, with many minarets and*

domes of mosques against the sky; and, in the dim distance, the shore line of Asia Minor. On the top of the wall there are little turrets at intervals for sentries, and one of these (Practical) is larger than the others and is near the front stage, R1E. The interior of it is visible. On the other side of stage at L1E and L2E is seen a wing (Practical) of Yildiz Kiosh, the Sultan's palace. The front windows downstairs are of the French variety, tiny panes, etc., and are in panel effect. The doors are in the same style. The upstairs windows are latticed. A small uncovered stone porch extends few feet before the door. Steps lead to the ground. At left of steps down stage is placed a wicker bench. Stage is set with shrubbery, trees, flower beds and lawn between. There is a winding lagoon which enters R2E, goes to C and exit R4E. A moment after the rise of the curtain a water tricycle makes its appearance around a bend in the lagoon, from right of stage. This is an arrangement built like a small raft with a bench on it and a pedal arrangement by means of which a small paddle wheel is operated astern. The tricycle is steered by a steering bar. In the tricycle is seated the Sultan and Hélaine.)

HÉLAINE—"I think your garden wonderful. It is almost magical. Such pigeons, and



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AHMEDIYEH MOSQUE, ON THE BOSPHORUS, IS FREQUENTLY VISITED BY THE SULTAN

those beautiful dogs! I am afraid that such a lover of pets cannot be the Red Sultan Europe has painted you. A person would be willing to forego the delights of travel and the pleasures of city life to be allowed to dream in such heavenly environment."

SULTAN—(*Stopping the tricycle.*) "I believe you are becoming inoculated with the bacilli of the Bosphorus."

HÉLAINE—(*Inquiringly.*) "Bacilli of the Bosphorus?"

SULTAN—"Yes, strangers come to Constantinople and find men and even families well educated, wealthy and normal, who have never been away from the Bosphorus, and can not be persuaded to leave, regardless of the alluring portrayal by travelers of the fascination of witnessing the interesting sights to be seen in foreign places. I feel the same way. We are too satisfied with our lot, and after strangers stay here a while they find it more and more difficult to leave. Thus the derivation of the expression, 'Bacilli of the Bosphorus.' "

HÉLAINE—"How interesting!" (*Naïvely.*) "You must not show me any more of your wonderful things, or I, myself, might become inoculated and want to remain."

(*He helps her from the tricycle, and they advance down stage.*)

SULTAN—(*Pointedly.*) "Would that be so very terrible?"

HÉLAINE—(*Laughingly.*) "It might be for both of us."

SULTAN—"Now, if you will come into my reception Salon I will show you what I consider a remarkable collection of porcelain. I have a mania for collecting those things which interest me. I cannot visit the museums of the world, so I bring them to me and own them. It is the same with plays. I have those that I think will interest me produced in my theater here at Yildiz, so you see we are not so isolated from the world as one may think."

HÉLAINE—(*Pointing to tower or small turret on the wall R 1 E.*) "What is that odd little house perched up there on the wall?" (*Laughter is heard from within the Palace L.*)

SULTAN—"It seems your friends are being well entertained; if you are willing, we will go up into the little turret and watch the moon come up from behind Scutari, the little town on the Asiatic side. It will be full to-night, and early. When you see her appear over Stamboul, bringing out in bold relief the minarets of San Sofia and other

mosques, and her beams illuminating the gentle waters between Stamboul and Galata, you will see why we call the inlet the Golden Horn. I believe you will also tell me that you have never seen in all your travels a more beautiful sight."

HÉLAINE—"By all means, let's go up."

(*The Sultan takes her arm and they go up the stairs and sit in the turret.*)

SULTAN—"It is from this little turret I watch the world, my world. Being a Sultan has many drawbacks, the greatest of which is seclusion. We rulers are but human beings. Living alone apart from our fellow beings makes us all more or less queer; too much introspection and flattery begets egotism. This has not the tendency to keep us balanced, and we become bigoted and imagine strange things." (*He taps his head with his fingers.*) "All of us rulers get it sooner or later."

HÉLAINE—(*Laughingly.*) "And you?"

SULTAN—"With me? My form of insanity gives way to horrible fear of a sudden death by violence, and this fear is always upon me. I will take you into my confidence. Do you see that window?" (*Points to window on lower floor of the palace.*) "Many nights I have placed a dummy of myself there in bold relief with a strong light behind

it, and have waited all night here, or in the little kiosh around the corner, heavily armed, awaiting an attack from some unknown foe. I have a most complete shooting gallery in the grounds and practise daily with a revolver and with high-power rifles, and am now an expert shot. I rarely sleep at night in the same place in succession, and many times sleep in one of the small kioshes you see around the garden, where I feel I will be least suspected to be found. I maintain in the harbor a yacht always under steam, and from my private study I have a secret passage, known only to myself, that leads to a point opposite to where my yacht is moored."

HÉLAINE—"You are wonderfully interesting. It is like a book, a very fascinating one; but why the secret passage?"

SULTAN—"Oh, some day my subjects may tire of awaiting my death. I am not popular here." (*Stage grows dimmer. Lights begin to twinkle in the distance. Stage becomes dark. The moon begins to appear over Asia.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Excitedly.*) "There comes the moon; doesn't it rise rapidly?"

(*Neither speaks for a moment.*)

SULTAN—"In that direction is our future, Asia. We have done our best in Europe and

now our power is on the wane. There (*he points*), ah! Asia! Moslem from Persia to China, from China to Arabia, Arabia to the Soudan, Egypt to Morocco; undeveloped, wonderfully rich in mineral wealth and fertility of the soil; oh, Asia, with your latent potentialities, when your Aladdin's lamp is rubbed, what greatness will be thine!" (*Turns towards West.*) "Europe, our possessions here were won with the sword, and by the sword will some day be taken from us. Moslem and Christian cannot unify, and it takes unity in a nation to make it great. Hélaine, I suppose you think that I am a very peculiar old man. I am." (*He sits down and takes her hand.*) "Do you know that this is the first time I can appreciate why you Europeans say we Turks do not know the true meaning of love." (*Sighs.*) "I think that I can now understand how it is with them to be contented with one woman through life as confidant, companion, mistress and wife. I hope, my dear, that you will believe me when I tell you that you are the first woman whom I have ever met with whom I cared to discuss such personal matters as I have with you. Somehow, I felt that you would understand. Your Western men seek, select, and then have the sport of conquest and rivalry in mating. We, Sultans,

take what we can buy, or what is chosen for us for political or personal reasons. My wives are of no intellectual companionship to me. They were not selected by me from out of many and with the pleasure of wooing. They look upon me as their lord and master and not as their equal and do not crave equal rights. Hence, I have never respected the sex. Consequently, I have been refused the delightful companionship a man and woman of equal mental attainment enjoy together."

HÉLAINE—"I appreciate the great compliment you have paid me and understand for the first time your point of view. I will tell you frankly that I have always looked upon you with abhorrence, as the terrible Turk, drowning women as it suited your fancy and murdering Christians when the mood struck you."

SULTAN—(*Laughingly.*) "I guess there is more truth than poetry in what they say but I am not as bad as I am painted."

HÉLAINE—"It is now getting late and we must return to the hotel. My afternoon has been delightful and I never shall forget you. Will you please promise that you will instruct your Ambassador not to divulge the information he has concerning my father?"

SULTAN—(*Taking both hands of Hélaine in his and looking at her steadily.*) "Hélaine,

you are to me the most beautiful and most wonderful woman in the world. If I do this thing will you remain here with me? You need not be afraid of me. You can take me as your companion, your friend; or if you will do me the great honor, I will make you the favorite wife of my harem and your every wish will be a command. You can have your own household, horses, pets, and girl friend visitors if you desire any. I will make you mistress of Dolma Bagtché, the most marvelous palace in the world. In it, there is a staircase built completely of crystal. There was nothing left undone to make it as beautiful as the finest artists of the world could make it. If we tire of it here, my yacht is always in readiness and we can drift around as our fancy suits us. My dear, I may be old enough to be your father, and if I cannot make you love me, you will always respect me. Oh, won't you stay?"

HÉLAINE—"This is indeed sudden and takes away my breath and thoughts. You speak nobly, but I dislike the term of barter. You make your offer to free my father of scandal conditionally on the terms that I remain with you. Would this not spoil the nobility of the deed if it had to be bought with my being?"

SULTAN—"Regardless of your father, will you stay?"

HÉLAINE—(*Looking at him steadily and hesitatingly. One of the latticed windows, UWIE, is opened. A woman's head is seen for a moment. A soft heart-rending sob is heard. Hélaine sees and hears, but the Sultan does not.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Shuddering and standing up.*) "Such incarceration would run me mad. Your ways, my dear Sultan, prettily as you have painted them, are not my ways. We could not remain on a plane of mutual understanding. We have been raised too differently. We think differently. What is right in your eyes is horribly wrong in mine. What is right in my eyes would be intolerable in yours. Let us not become sentimental, please." (*She places her hand upon his arm, and then laughingly.*) "It must be the moon. Oh, look now at the wonderful picture. If I could only paint that. The picturesque pontoon bridge over the moonlit Golden Horn, with the mosques on the hills of Stamboul in the background. It is exquisite." (*She clasps her hands.*)

SULTAN—(*Arising and taking her by the arm he turns her towards him.*) "Ah, yes, it is indeed beautiful, but it pales into insignificance by your wondrous beauty, dear Hélaine.

Do you know that when I first beheld your charming and graceful figure, I didn't care to see your face" (*Pause.*), "but when I saw your face, I forgot your figure." (*Pause.*) (*Takes both her hands in his.*) "And when—and when I looked into your eyes, I forgot your face, I forgot existence. Hélaine, God put a curse on man when he made your eyes. Oh! say you will stay with me."

HÉLAINE—(*Much perturbed.*) "Oh, your Majesty, you frighten me with your beautiful love making." (*Puts her hands to her face.*) "I am afraid the moon is likewise turning my head. It is all so beautifully romantic like Omar Khayyám's poem. Have you similar Turkish poets?"

SULTAN—"Many, and most of their poems treat of youth, beauty, and love.

There grew a rose more wonderful than ever
Sadi sang,
Its loveliness, occult and strange, a rapture
and a pang.
Its petals had the pulsing touch that shakes
the blood with fire.
In its warm depths was the avatar of unas-
suaged desire,
Hid scents and hushed Seraglio dreams were
in its subtle breath,

The madness of Mænad's joy, the tenderness of death.
Its soul was all the mystic east.
Its heart was all the South.
'Til love and tenderness transmuted it
To the dark rose of your mouth."

HÉLAINE—"Oh—beautiful." (*He tries to draw her towards him.*) (*Agitated.*) "Don't—behave! and you must not talk to me in this manner again to-night." (*She pulls away and runs quickly down the steps closely followed by the Sultan. As she reaches front stage she turns to Sultan.*) "Please take me to my escorts!"

SULTAN—"You must listen to me. I have been fairer to you than ever before to a woman. A side to my nature that I never before knew existed until you brought it out, has been revealed, and I will continue to be frank with you. You will appreciate it later if not now. I don't want you under any form of deceit; I respect you too highly for that, but have you I must and shall. My will has gone too long unbridled to now be thwarted. It is impossible." (*More rapidly.*) "Your father is not in trouble. Your letter to him was intercepted by the most unscrupulous band of crooks on the continent. You were duped and brought here to me as a prize for

sale for 500,000 francs, and as Kuni said, 'cheap at the price.' "

HÉLAINE—(*During the above recital Hélaine has been backing across the stage with the Sultan following her and fairly hurling the words at her, but she stops and now straightens up to her full height and with fire in her eyes she in turn hurls defiance.*) "If you dare to do this awful thing it will be your undoing, so help me God! I feel it in every cell of my body. A woman's intuition is as unexplainable as it is correct. A great hue and cry will be raised for me all over Europe. Rewards offered will surpass many times your paltry 500,000 francs. My government will blow your little old ginger-bread palace into atoms. Stand aside, and let me pass, you monster!"

SULTAN—(*Seizing her by both wrists.*) "You are beautiful always, but when you are angry your beauty is not earthly, it is hellish, and sets my blood on fire. Hélaine, I will have you even if I knew for sure the penalty would be" (*Slowly.*) "that every shred of flesh be stripped from my bones, every artery a shooting pang, and my soul eternally damned." (*He grabs her and crushes her to his breast and showers her face with kisses. She struggles fiercely and finally partly freeing herself she seizes his beard*

with her left hand and rains slaps on his face with her right hand, screams and then faints.)

SULTAN—(*Rubbing his face, after laying her gently on the ground.*) "Such spirit, such fire, such a nature, will rejuvenate me and keep warm for a long time this old blood of mine. My heart is beating like that of a youth of twenty." (*Claps his hands a couple of times. A big eunuch appears and deeply salaams.*) "Place her in the top dairi of Dolma Bagtché, the one without windows and guard her well if you do not want tortures unbelievable heaped upon your head."

(*Eunuch salaams again and taking Hélaine up in his arms makes exit L2E through palace door.*

The Sultan, rubbing his face, goes to the small wicker outdoor bench L1E by steps of palace and sits down, reflects, rubs his face again, gets up, lights a cigarette, walks across stage toward R1E. Blows out puff smoke—rubs face—shrugs shoulders, laughs and makes exit R1E.)

Curtain

Scene 3—Shooting Gallery in the Garden of Yildiz

Time—early next day

(*There is shown in this scene part of the garden on stage R, and at back a brick wall with small gate in it between C rear and right corner rear. From L C to wings on the left is shown the interior of shooting gallery. This is rigged up as a one-story affair with targets shown in distant rear. These are regular bull's-eye targets, and also a target made the size of a man in profile which is placed closer to front of gallery than the bull's-eye targets. A counter runs partly across the gallery from left to right and on this counter is placed miniature targets which indicate just where the bullets hit the distant targets when they are fired upon. A bench is placed at extreme left end of gallery. Against each side of the center of the counter is a rack containing revolvers and numerous rifles.*

At rise of curtain, there is no one on the stage. A moment later the Sultan comes in from R3E along the path. He wears his brown lounging gown, and walks as if in a pensive mood. He walks into the gallery, takes a look around, and picks up a rifle and

shoots three times very quickly at a target. The indicator on the counter shows the bull's-eye was rimmed three times. He tears out the sheet, examines the record, and as he tears it up—he smiles. He then picks up two of the pistols and aims them at the target made in the figure of a man, and shooting with both hands at once empties the chambers of both guns as fast as he can pull the triggers. He leans over the low counter to examine the result of his work.

Mizzet Pasha appears at this point from R3E, pauses a moment and then walks hurriedly to the gallery and enters, bowing and giving the Turkish salute.)

MIZZET—"Good morning, your Majesty, how many have you sent to their perdition this morning?"

SULTAN—(*Turning around.*) "Mizzet, I can now hit that image every time, even with my eyes shut. I believe I will have a contrivance rigged up so I can shoot at the running figure of a man. How do you suggest it can be done?"

MIZZET—"Is it for this that you sent for me so early? I flattered myself that it was on a matter of either state or finance."

SULTAN—(*Laying down the pistols.*) "Tush, your mind runs to money as fleas to a dog. I sent for you to ask if your stock

campaign is fully planned, and ready for the launching. Something happened yesterday that decided me fully in this matter of revoking the Constitution."

MIZZET—"Everything is in readiness. I only await your order."

SULTAN—"How great a sum will be necessary?"

MIZZET—"That depends on how great a scale we operate. It is my present idea to start with a fair short line of stocks, and then to continue to sell until the market breaks three points. Then watch to see if there is a reaction. If the market rallies over three points, we will wait until a soft spot develops and then again sell it off three points; we can then gradually work it off a few fractions or so every day. It will not be long before we will begin to catch stop loss orders and get a following on the bear side that will help the thing along. After we have accumulated the line of short stock desired we can then start a bear propaganda through the press and otherways, and develop a loss of confidence in the stocks in which we are operating. It will be an easy matter to drop it sharply when the longs try to unload and we can take in our short stock at practically our own prices."

SULTAN—"How much will be needed for the initial outlay?"

MIZZET—"About eighty thousand Turkish pounds."

SULTAN—(*Taking from his pocket a wallet from which he takes out several slips and signs them with a fountain pen which he takes from his vest pocket.*) "Here are orders on the Bank of England, Bank of France, Bank of Berlin and Bank of Holland for 20,000 pounds each." (*He extends them to Mizzet, who takes them.*) "I am taking this from my reserve fund, as it is a little too early to extract from the domestic strong box. It will take a few weeks to get things running in the good old way, but I am expecting any moment this morning the Iradé from the ministers for my signature, which will repeal the accursed thing."

MIZZET—(*Placing the four slips in his wallet.*) "I shall send the despatches at once."

SULTAN—(*Picking up a high-powered rifle.*) "If I hit that small target yonder we shall have success; if I miss it, we shall perhaps lose." (*Takes long aim and fires.*)

MIZZET — (*Laughing.*) "Superstition." (*At the crack of the rifle, the indicator at the Sultan's elbow registers, and the record shows that the bullet has rimmed the bull's-eye. The Sultan brings the target forestage.*)

SULTAN—"Now, what do you think of this? Half of the bullet is in the bull's-eye, and half is outside."

MIZZET—"It looks as if we were going to do both, win and lose."

SULTAN—"Anyway, the die is cast."

(*Enter R3E Javid Bey. He is shown in by Master of Ceremony and brought to the shooting gallery. Javid stands outside while Master of Ceremony enters, salaams deeply, and announces.*)

MASTER OF CEREMONY—"Your Majesty, Javid Bey, Deputy from Salonika, is without."

SULTAN—(*Vexed.*) "This is my recreation hour, and no business will be entertained by me at this time. What means this violation?"

MASTER OF CEREMONY—"Your Majesty left word with me this morning to send you at once any word or message from the Grand Visor. This gentleman says he comes from him and says he must deliver himself the message to you."

SULTAN—"Admit him." (*Javid Bey is admitted. He salaams, giving the turkish salute, the tamena. Master of Ceremony bows and withdraws, exit R3E.*)

JAVID BEY—"Your Majesty, I regret deeply to cause you the annoyance of my

presence at this hour, but I was commissioned by the Ministers to bring a certain document to you, and crave to speak a word to you in private."

MIZZET—(*Bowing to Sultan and to Javid.*) "Pray excuse me, I shall leave at once."

SULTAN—"Until later."

MIZZET—"Au revoir."

JAVID BEY—(*Taking from his pocket a document and extending it to the Sultan.*) "Here is the Iradé prepared at your command by your Ministers. It is now ready for your signature." (*The Sultan takes the document, opens it, and sits down on small bench at L of counter and reads it intently, nodding his head as he reads. He takes out fountain pen and starts to sign the paper.*)

JAVID BEY—"Before signing that decree, I crave a few words with you, O, Sultan, as is my right under that Constitution which you are about to destroy."

SULTAN—(*Looking up.*) "Yes, but to replace it with a broader one."

JAVID BEY—"This one suits us, your Majesty, and in destroying it you must realize you are killing a nation's beautiful hope, the hope to it as that to a dying man who has been promised life, as that to a tongue parched with thirst that has been promised

water, as that to a soul in damnation which has been promised resurrection."

SULTAN—"Your manners amuse me, and I shall hear you out. But in the beginning, I say it will do no good. My mind is made up. I further warn you to be careful."

JAVID BEY—"Your Majesty, to us who fight so hard for opportunities, compared with you who have them thrust upon you, it is a pitiful sight to see them go so neglected. You are the head of the Empire, the head of the Church, ruler over land and sea, body and soul, and you can make or ruin a nation. Oh, Sultan, consider us, your subjects. If you could but realize that this dumb subjugation is stifling our national ambition, our hope, our love of country, and our love of you. Your Majesty, you have great wisdom, greater than your smartest enemies give you credit. With your wisdom, can't you perceive that by allowing the Constitution to remain in effect the Empire will be built up, commerce will expand, the country will grow up in importance, old industries will be revived, and new ones spring up. Our country, so rich in possibilities, will blossom out like a rose, and be in truth one of the richest in the world. Sufficient time has not elapsed since summer to do much transformation, but give us time to awake from the long state of

lethargy, and allow us to realize that we wear no longer the yoke of suppression, and we shall develop like magic. With the increased national wealth, your wealth will increase, double and multiply many times. Your name will go down from generation to generation, second in honor to none save that of Mohammed. Kill the hope now in the repeal of this Constitution, you can never revive it with future promises and I predict that we Young Turks will live to be made to serve under a foreign flag."

SULTAN—"If you have finished, I shall now sign the edict and you may depart." (*The Sultan takes up the pen and signs.*)

JAVID—(*In anger.*) "Your Majesty, you are now committing a blot on civilization. Are subjects to be dogs? Is your life to be made up of mere pleasure? If this is your ambition, why, in the name of Allah, don't you abdicate and go where abounds pleasure to your heart's delight. You certainly can have none here. Shut up like you are in this prison of a place is enough to drive one mad. Take your yacht and friends, go where pleasure dictates, and we will pay the bills. You won't have many more years to enjoy them, and you will be a long time dead. Allow some one to rule in your palace who will appreciate the responsibilities of life sufficiently

to realize that personal enjoyment and even personal existence is only temporal, and that real existence is what can be made of one's opportunities to create on time a lasting impression. Turkey is in dire need of a helping hand, and she looks appealingly to one that throttles her." (*Sultan, who has been showing signs of anger during the above discourse, can now restrain himself no longer. He jumps up in anger.*)

SULTAN—"And who are you to come here and criticize his Sultan to his face? You are a fine example to set before the nation. In your Utopian expression you condone good behavior and uphold the law, but you yourself have seriously transgressed the law you wish upheld by insulting your Sultan. Your spirit may be patriotic, but you are falsely led by high ambitions and unwise doctrines, and as a false teacher an example must be made of you." (*He claps hands three times. Two officers with swords drawn spring out of unseen niches in the wall,* LIE.) "You see I am always prepared for such patriotic lunatics as you. All rulers are subjected to the same, and many foolhardy ones lose their lives in similar fervid outbreaks." (*To the officers.*) "Take him to the prison and put him in a cell under the water level. By the time he next sees the light of day, his ideas

may have undergone a change. I have spoken."

JAVID—"I, too, have spoken, and I hope you will think over my words. If so, my sacrifice is well worth while." (*The Sultan motions them away. The soldiers salute, and with Javid between them march out through doors towards R3E. As they reach the little iron door in the wall they stop and make a sign. Javid takes the hand of each in his.*)

KASHA BEY, FIRST OFFICER—"Brave Brother, we are with you to the last. Your words were nobly spoken. If the old fox had not been moved by them he would have shot you where you stood. His hand repeatedly sought the revolver in his smoking robe."

JAVID—"I thank you, comrades. The repeal of that Constitution means war. Word at the proper time will be passed you. In the meantime" (*He lays his finger across his lips.*)

MAUHAMID BEY, SECOND OFFICER—(*Opening the little iron door.*) "Hurry, we need you too badly to risk your staying longer." (*All salute, and Javid makes exit through door. Officers walk off. Sultan puts down the rifle he had been handling, sits down, and lights cigarette, and looks at ceiling contemplatively.*)

Curtain

ACT III

Time—Some weeks later on a Friday Morning.

Scene 1—The Dairi of Hélaine in the Harem of Dolma Bagtché Palace

(A room is shown without any windows. The ceiling is open to the sky. On the walls are rugs. Doors at L2E and R2E, draped. Both are draped with kalims. On the floor is a large silk rug. At R C there is a small fountain with some vines trailing to the floor. Around the room are several settees and divans. A large divan is placed slightly rear, LC. To left of fountain is a table with several little boxes on it and vase with a rose in it. There is a bird cage hanging from each side of the aperture in the ceiling, with canaries in each. At C rear there is a very small square hole in the wall, about two feet long and two feet wide, heavily latticed. There are no pictures on the walls, and no chairs in the room. At rise of curtain, pigeons fly in the opening in this roof and alight

on the fountain. Hélaine is seen seated on divan L C and seated to right side of her is a big negress fanning her, and watching her plait some designs with horse hair. Hélaine is dressed in European negligée. The negress is dressed very simply in white loose robe with cord for belt. She wears sandals. Back of Hélaine stands a pretty white girl of about seventeen, brushing Hélaine's long hair. She is dressed simply in blue and wears sandals and no stockings.)

DEHLIAS—"My little Almond Blossom knits cunningly. She uses the same stitch my mother taught me."

HÉLAINE—"From whence came your mother?"

DEHLIAS—"From the Soudan. That is where most of us black people come who serve the white in the Levant."

HÉLAINE—"I was taught by a Soudanese negress to weave this stitch on one of my father's estates in Algeria. We used the long hair from the mane and tail of the beautiful Arabian steeds. She taught me to make chains, anklets, armlets, and belts in the same stitch."

DEHLIAS—"Yes, and I can make bridles, mats, and even ropes."

HÉLAINE—"Ropes?"

DEHLIAS—"By simply weaving the smaller strands into larger ones and then by using a circular plait, the larger ones are plaited into a rope and a strong one." (*By this time Masallia, the girl brushing Hélaine's hair, has finished and after arranging it in a becoming plait, she makes her exit R3E, taking the brush with her.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Stops work and looks a moment at the opening in the ceiling.*) "A rope, do show me." (*She gives the knitting to the negress, gets up and walks around looking at the opening. Comes down stage.*) "It is possible. With a lariat I can easily lasso that cornice." (*Stops in meditation.*) "But outside help is essential. My absence would soon be noticed."

DEHLIAS—"Come, my cloudlet, here is how the rope is made. I have a large one that I have just finished. I shall bring it to you after midday."

HÉLAINE—(*Running to her and bending over to watch a moment and then straightening up.*) "Why, of course, Dehlias taught me that, but I had forgotten it."

DEHLIAS—"Dehlias, why that is my mother's name. I was named after her." (*She places her finger on Hélaine's arm.*) "Was she a little lame and did she have the tribal

tattoo like this?" (*She bares her arm above the elbow.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Excitedly and in amazement.*) "Yes indeed. It was on her right cheek here." (*She places her finger on her right cheek bone.*) "Four little parallel dashes."

DEHLIAS—"It must be my mother." (*She kisses Hélaine's arm and hand joyously.*) "Oh! tell me of her. Is she still alive? I have heard nothing in fifteen years."

HÉLAINE—"To be sure. We could not get along without our *Dehlias.* She is head of the servants of the household. Isn't this a narrow world?" (*Knock is heard.*)

VOICE—"May I come in?"

HÉLAINE—"Certainly and welcome."

(*Enter from L2E a very pretty girl. Brunette, about twenty-four, dressed in latest French fashion, but wearing a hat and a yashmak* (*veil to the eyes*), *which she lowers as soon as she enters.*)

EVETTE—"I did not wish to disturb you before you had your rose bath, most beautiful one."

HÉLAINE—(*Arising and in astonishment.*) "Why, Evette, you appear all ready for a promenade on the Champs Elysées." (*She kisses her on both cheeks and the salute is returned.*)

EVETTE—(*Laughing and dropping down on the divan.*) "You see his Majesty humors me by allowing me to dress as my fancy suits me, and as I take the French fashion journals, I can keep right up to the *dernier* mode. Do I appear ridiculous? I miss the admiration most women crave and get in new clothes."

HÉLAINE—"You look most charming in anything you wear, but you appear to be going out."

EVETTE—"I am, my honey ladened bee." (*She gives Hélaine an affectionate pat on the cheek.*) "His Majesty has honored me today by inviting me to be one of the favorite few of his wives who accompany him to the Mosque for the Salamlik which is held every Friday."

HÉLAINE—"How delightful. Tell me more, but first let's have some refreshments. How rude of me not to have thought of you sooner." (*She claps her hands twice, a pause, again she claps and then thrice. This time from R2E in bounds a beautiful girl of sixteen with flowers entwined in her hair, carrying a large basket filled with rose leaves. She is simply dressed in white and wears no stockings but sandals. She comes forward quickly, kneels at Hélaine's side, takes her*

hand and looks up affectionately into her face.)

ESTER—"Oh, pray pardon the delay, I was just returning from the garden gathering rose leaves for your bath. My beloved Star, how may I serve you?"

HÉLAINE—(*Patting her on the head.*) "Run quick and bring us some sherbet, but have you forgotten your manners? Do you not see I have a beautiful lady visiting me?"

ESTER—(*Getting up hurriedly and gracefully giving the Turkish temena and then shyly running out of the room.*)

EVETTE—"What a beautiful slave! When did you get her? Do let her come to visit me!"

HÉLAINE—(*Sadly.*) "Oh, she came as part of the fixtures of the dairi when I was placed here. She is a bright little thing, and seems to love me dearly. I call her Ester from her starry blue eyes. She will let no one else but herself give me a rose bath. She speaks my language and is a great comfort to me."

(*Ester returns from R2E with two cups of sherbet and sinks on the floor beside Hélaine. The negress is behind the divan and fans them with a big palm leaf fan. Both sip the sherbet.*)

HÉLAINE—"Now please tell me about the

Salamlik. I have heard they were held, but did not know exactly what was done."

EVETTE—(*Draining the cup, putting it on the floor and then taking out cigarette papers and tobacco from her bag she begins to roll a cigarette. Ester gets up and gets a match from a small stand behind the fountain and lights the match for her. Evette puffs the cigarette. Ester then brings her mistress a little box from the table, from which Hélaine takes a very small cigarette with a hollow stem, and places in the stem a long amber cigarette holder. Ester holds the lighted match while Hélaine lights the cigarette.*)

HÉLAINE—"I could never learn to roll a cigarette like you do. The only kind I enjoy are these scented Russian cigarettes."

EVETTE—"They are too mild, and the scent destroys the flavor for me. But to return to the Salamlik. Friday is the Moslem Sunday in Turkey (*laughing*); we have three Sundays in a week, Christian, Jewish and Moslem; so, every Friday, his Majesty goes to worship at his favorite Mosque. This is a great occasion. Preceding him to the door of the Mosque go all the court attachés, Pashas and Dignitaries. Several regiments of soldiers led by bands of music playing the Sultan's March, march down the route of passage, and for a long ways line

both sides of the entrance to the Mosque. In coupés he takes a few of his favorite wives. A eunuch guards each coupé, and the head eunuch overlooks the entire equipage. This is the only way we get to see the outside world, and it is quite a treat to one of us to get the invitation."

HÉLAINE—"Do you get out of the coupé?"

EVETTE—"No, indeed, my dear girl. We are too carefully guarded for that. We must keep the blinds closed while the coupés are at rest, and wear our yashmak all the while."

HÉLAINE—"How I would love to go."

EVETTE—"It would be impossible until you convinced him you could be trusted."

HÉLAINE—"Do you love him?"

EVETTE—"I do not know. I was brought up with the idea that if I kept myself pretty and pleasing that some day I might become the Sultan's bride. I, at least, have achieved that great and envious honor and am content. What more could I desire?"

HÉLAINE—"I know, but love does not permit the sharing with others the object of one's desires."

EVETTE—"I would not permit it could I help it. That is why I sobbed that night when I saw you two in the garden and heard

the Sultan appealing to you to stay. I thought that you would supplant me in his eyes, and I hated you."

HÉLAINE—"I have never seen the Sultan since that night. Do you hate me now? Don't you want me to leave?" (*She places her hand on Evette's arm*).

EVETTE—(*With downcast eyes.*) "I like you well, but wish you were not here."

HÉLAINE—(*To Ester.*) "Ester, my dear, run down stairs and bring us up some Turkish delight."

(*Ester jumps up and runs off stage, exit L2E.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Impulsively.*) "Let me take your place in the coupé to-day. See, I give you my locket which you admired so much." (*She takes off the locket and chain and places it around Evette's neck.*) "Do let me go. I shall do nothing to reveal my presence, and no one shall be the wiser. I shall go heavily veiled. I am consumed with curiosity to behold a Selamlik."

DEHLIAS—(*Pleadingly.*) "But this is our day to go fishing, my mistress; have you forgotten?"

HÉLAINE—(*Impatiently.*) "We can go later to-day, on my return."

EVETTE—(*Clasping the locket in her hands and bending over excitedly.*) "Oh,

but do you know what would happen to us if you are detected?"

HÉLAINE—"Nothing worse could happen to me than what is liable to happen at any moment, as long as I remain here."

EVETTE—"Oh, yes there is. We would all be tied up in a sack, and at midnight we would be quietly dropped in the Bosphorus, kerplunk." (*Evette looks very serious and points her finger downward.*) "More than one poor girl has gone that route."

HÉLAINE—"Horrors, is that real? I thought that was only in stories."

EVETTE—"If you are detected we shall soon find out." (*Shakes her head.*) "It is impossible; let's not talk about it further." (*She arises to go.*)

DEHLIAS—"Don't attempt it, my mistress. We may all lose our lives. Are not you satisfied to be in a Sultan's harem? There isn't a girl in the Empire who wouldn't give twenty years of her life for your place here. Please go fishing now in the morning while it's cool and the fish are biting. See, I have the bait all ready." (*She runs to the fountain and takes up a jar from the floor behind it and smiles.*) "Behold!"

HÉLAINE—(*Impetuously.*) "Don't try to detain me. I must go."

EVETTE—(*Shaking her head.*) "My

eunuch would know you instantly. It is impossible."

(*A knock is heard without.*

All look up inquiringly—pause).

HÉLAINE—"Enter."

(*Enter Mustafa Sadi, the head eunuch to the Sultan, DL2E. He is a tall black negro. He wears frock coat, black pants and fez. He comes before Hélaine and salaams. He has in his hand an oblong box of dark polished wood.*)

HÉLAINE—"Well?"

MUSTAFA SADI—(*Extending the box to her.*) "A present from my master, his Majesty, and his compliments, oh beautiful rose." (*Hélaine takes the box and opens it and takes out a necklace of sapphires and diamonds which glitters like fire. She holds it up.*)

ALL THE WOMEN—(*In admiration.*) "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

HÉLAINE—(*Still holding it up.*) "It is exquisite." (*She places it on her neck.*) "Are they not becoming, Evette?"

(*Evette, at the sight of the necklace, is visibly affected. She turns pale, and draws back, eyes snapping and fist clenched, breast heaving; she says nothing. The eunuch turns and talks to Dehlias.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Looking at Evette intently,*

then at the eunuch, and then in a low tone to Evette.) "If I send it back will you let me go in your place?"

EVETTE—(*Looks from the necklace to Hélaine, then at the eunuch and back at Hélaine, and eagerly.*) "Yes, yes!" (*She clasps her hands and shuts her eyes.*)

(*Hélaine takes off the necklace, places it back in the box, and holds it out to the eunuch.*)

HÉLAINE—"Return this to your master. It is beautiful, but I will not accept it. He will understand."

(*The eunuch looks dumbfounded. Dehlias makes a protesting exclamation and looks horrified.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Still holding out the box.*) "Do as I bid you, adieu." (*The negro takes the box, salaams and makes his exit through L2E.*)

DEHLIAS—(*As negro makes exit.*) "Oh, mistress, what have you done? We will be in disfavor and . . ."

HÉLAINE—(*Rushing up to Dehlias.*) "Evette has consented. I am to go in her place." (*She jumps up and down in joy.*)

EVETTE—"But how shall we keep the secret from my eunuch who goes with me?"

DEHLIAS—"Send word for your eunuch to come here for you when it is time to go.

He is my brother. When he comes, she will go in your place. I shall arrange her yashmak so no one will know her. Come, my dove, if your head is set on going."

HÉLAINE—(*Excitedly.*) "I have a presentiment that this will lead to my escape, but have no fear, Evette, darling, I shall never betray you, and promise to return here without revealing myself." (*She leads Evette to the door, L2E, and kisses her.*) "Oh, hurry back." (*Skipping back across the room and taking Dehlias by the arm.*) "Dear Dehlias, you are just like your mother was to me." (*They make hurried exit, R2E.*)

Curtain

Scene 2—The Selamlik at the Mamidieh Jam Mosque

Time—Later Friday morning—about noon

Exterior Scene. Full Stage

MOSQUE

(*At L., slightly projecting from the wings, is seen the front of the Mosque. Steps covered with strip of black carpet lead to the court in front of the Mosque. Wall along rear stage. Tops of Yildiz Palace and Ki-*

oshes seen over the wall. Driveway comes in R1E, exits R3E. At rise of curtain passing to and fro of natives; they gather at spots in groups as expecting some event. Carriages drive from R1E to R3E, containing diplomats, and ladies, attachés, secretaries, krevasses in full livery, etc. The Ambassadorial parties later make their appearance on the lower roof of the palace visible over the wall a little to the R of C rear. The ladies are seated and the men await behind their chairs. Animated conversation. The Master of Ceremony is present and can be recognized by his long black frock coat, red fez, and single order on his left breast. He is very busy arranging the ladies and joking with the gentlemen. Knots of people increase in the square before the Mosque. Foreigners are seen among them. Americans, English, French, Italians, Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, Jews, Kurds, mingle and form and re-form groups all in an expectant attitude. Raymond McKensie makes his appearance from R1E, walks fore stage C, lights a cigarette and looks curiously at the parties on the roof. Some of them bow to him and he makes a deep bow in return, gracefully swinging his hat almost to the ground. The men on the roof in return lift their hats. He then stations him-

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YILDIZ PALACE (AT LEFT) AND HAMIDIEH MOSQUE

self at R1E. The muezzin makes his appearance on the top of the single minaret visible on the stage. It is just to the right of the main entrance to the Mosque, about L3E.

In a musical wail like a flute he gives the call to prayer.)

MUEZZIN—"Allah Akber. La Illah Il Allah. Allah Akber La Illah Il Allah. Essehadou Allah Il Lah Il Allah. Essehadou Anneh Mohammedan Resool-ul-Lah. Haayah Allah Al Lah. Haayah Al ul-Fellah. Allah Akber. La Illah Lah Il Allah." (*This is given to the four directions. A band is heard in the distance. It gradually comes nearer and nearer. The marching of soldiers is heard mingled with the commands of officers. The band makes its appearance, R2E, playing the Sultan's March by Donizetti, followed by numerous Pashas and officers in dark blue coats with heavy gold braid and white trousers and red fezzes. The officers and Pashas array themselves on the rear side (up stage) of the entrance to the mosque. The soldiers dressed in blue line up against the rear wall. The people crowd themselves in L1E and R1E. Two more bands followed by two regiments of soldiers, first dressed in green and second in white, come on, one following the other,*

through R2E. The officers line up with the others by the mosque. The soldiers line up before back wall and in space between R2E and R3E. Following the soldiers come three coupés in succession. Seated with the drivers are black eunuchs. Hitched to the coupés are beautiful white horses. The first two coupés contain women and children, the last one, a single occupant, a woman veiled to the eyes. The coupés are driven across stage to L. The Chief Eunuch, on horseback, follows them. Here the eunuchs and drivers dismount. The horses are taken off the stage and the carriages are wheeled in a row to the left of the entrance to the mosque, down stage, facing the R side of the stage. The last coupé containing the single occupant is placed foremost down stage. The eunuch stands behind it among bystanders. As the last coupé was driven across the stage, Raymond exclaims.)

RAYMOND—"Did you see what I saw?—Those veils are maddening! Those eyes! Whew!! Bébé!" (*He gesticulates and blows a kiss off his fingers towards the sky. As soon as the horses are taken off the stage Raymond strolls across the stage, and as he is almost before the window of Hélaine's coupé, she places her head out as if to speak to him. The eunuch runs around the coupé*

from the rear just at this time and quickly slams the blinds and stands by the window with arms folded, glaring at Raymond, who takes up a position just in rear of the coupé and stands on the outskirt of a small throng of curiosity seekers. Just then a bugle is heard, followed by the rattle of carriage wheels and distant shouts. They grow louder. The Sultan drives on the stage from R2E in an open victoria, drawn by peerless white stallions. He is dressed in dark frock coat and wears no ornaments. He sits very erect in the center. He is followed by several soldiers or officers on horseback. They dismount and join the others. Their horses are led off the stage by orderlies.)

SOLDIERS AND POPULACE—"Padishahim Chok Gasha. Padishahim Chok Gasha. Padishahim Chok Gasha." ["Long live our Sultan, the Conqueror."]

(*As the Sultan passes he gives a glance at the roof containing the ladies and gentlemen from the embassies but does not speak. They all bow deeply. The carriage is driven up to the door of the mosque. All the officers and dignitaries bow deeply and remain with heads down as he dismounts and walks up the black carpeted steps into the mosque. A buzzing of conversation is heard. His carriage is driven away off stage exit R3E. All the*

horses make exit this way, the crowd opening for them. Hélaine raises the blind of her coupé. The eunuch in meantime has stepped back into the crowd, and is talking with some of his admirers among the natives. These show great curiosity in him, feeling the cloth of his coat, examining his silk hose, etc. He is enjoying the admiration very much, and grins continually. Hélaine puts her head out of the window and catches Raymond's eye. The eunuch also sees her and rushes up and slams down the blind. She quickly raises it and gives him her gold watch and fob. His face breaks into grins. He takes it and starts to walk back to his admirers, but turns back and again closes down the blind. He then returns to the crowd and shows them his watch. He listens to it tick, and finally licks the gold, grins, and shows it to the crowd; some examine it, then by the fob he starts swinging it nonchalantly around in a circle. In the meantime a white glove is seen to fall from the coupé. Raymond walks forward quickly, drops his handkerchief over the glove, picks them both up, and puts them in his pocket, and walks across the stage to R.

Commotion around the doorway indicates the Sultan is about to come out of the mosque. Soldiers, Pashas and officers all

straighten up. A phaeton drives up from R3E, and stops before the mosque. Two horses, tandem fashion, are hitched to it. Looking neither to the right nor left, the Sultan comes out of the mosque and gets in the rig, and takes the lines to drive. An old man, an astrologer, rushes out of the crowd from RLE and hands him a rolled document made of parchment or cloth. He takes it and puts it down beside him in the rig. The old man kneels and raises his hands to the sky and calls out: "Villahi! Billahi! Villahi! Billahi!" [*Meaning—"By the aid of Allah, in the name of God."*] *He then goes back into the crowd. As the Sultan drives off a number of persons, including some of the Pashas and court hangers-on, trot at the rear wheels of the rig, all calling to the Sultan, who heeds them not. He is immediately followed by two soldiers on horseback with carbines. The crowd mingles as the soldiers form lines to withdraw. The Sultan makes exit through R3E, followed by mixed crowds trotting beside and behind the vehicle. Some have their hands on it as if to aid the horses pushing it. The soldiers, coupés and populace soon follow. Raymond takes out the glove, removes the note, walks fore stage, looks right and left and reads.*)

RAYMOND—(*Reading note.*) "'Please, at three this afternoon, be at the spot where the south wall of the Dolma Bagtché meets the Bosphorus near the big gate; watch the water. Don't fail me!' This looks like an adventure and with a wife of a Sultan. It must be my figure." (*He pulls down his jacket tightly across his body.*) "Will I be there? Will I?" (*Exit R1E.*)

Curtain

Scene 3—The Square Before the Galata Bridge

Time—Shortly After Noon Friday
Exterior Scene

(*Water front, Pera. One end of the Galata Bridge is shown at L rear. Street scene, stores, cafés, etc., shown at right and left from front stage to rear. Back drop shows the Bosphorus, Seraglio point, Leander lighthouse, and the Asiatic shore visible in distance. Vessels of steam and sail, launches and caques, yachts and steamers are seen in the water and moored to the bridge. The street scene can be made a most interesting one. Across this bridge there is a constant ebb and flow of people in carriages, on horseback, on camels, on donkeys, afoot.*

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GALATA BRIDGE

People from every clime and in every costume. Porters pass by indifferently, bearing heavy loads, either piled on their backs or in huge baskets hung on a long pole carried between them. Little donkeys with stacks of boxes piled several times their height go nimbly and unconcerned. Sherbet sellers, newsboys, bootblacks, nut sellers, with their brass vessels, all mingle in the crowd crying their wares. Ladies with their veils pulled to their eyes walk by and ride by in carriages. The women carry parasols. Men in European dress, but with various kinds of hat-gear, among which the fez is the most prominent, mingle in the throng and sit at tables on the sidewalks before the cafés, on R and L. Soldiers and Pashas in heavy gilded uniforms ride and walk. The Young Turks' heavy armored automobile passes by. A band of pilgrims on the way to Mecca stop a moment in the square C and give an exhibition of gun juggling to the wild beating of kettle drums. An Arab Bedouin Sheik comes across the stage dressed in long robe. He rides a donkey. His beard is white and long. He wears a green turban that shows he has been to Mecca. He precedes a camel, on which is a box-arranged saddle with four posts forming a cupola, which is incased in veils. The little posts have feathered tufts

which sway as the camel walks. Through the veils is seen a female form, the Sheik's present to the Sultan. He is followed by several donkeys bearing his equipment and servants.

A bunch of Russian Cossacks followed by a group of American sailors, led by a neat ensign, pass by. Some stop to sit at the tables to order drinks, others buy nuts and tobacco. The whole scene is much animated. The following are the cries in Turkish, Greek and Armenian of the street venders, etc. (phonetic spelling):

Water Carriers (Armenian)—"Varme Su."

Porters (Kurds)—"Sa Cun Ha."

Water Carriers (Greek)—"Crio Nero."

Donkey Boys (Turkish)—"Barrak."

Coachmen (French)—"Garda."

Newsboys (Greek)—"Neologos."

References—On request.

Ticket booth and ticket takers are at R and L of entrance to Bridge. Mizzet Pasha comes across the bridge, walks to front stage L, seats himself at small table in front of the Café del Genio and orders coffee. He looks at his watch. He then takes out and fingers a chaplet of beads, ninety-nine on a string, each thirty-three separated by a marker. A few moments pass. Stage is

cleared. He looks up and sees Mustafa Sadi coming on stage from R1E towards him. Others on stage have passed off through various exits.)

MIZZET—"Ah, I was getting nervous over your tardiness." (*Eunuch sits down.*)

EUNUCH—"There is so much in the air these times one may as well forget his nerves. How goes it?"

MIZZET—"The stock campaign is succeeding far better than I had hoped. There arrived to-day the first installment of gold on our gains from the Paris Bourse."

(*Enter Raymond from R1E, smoking a cigarette, walks to a table on the sidewalk before a café at R, seats himself, and a waiter, a Frenchman, in attendance, comes out of door to café to his side.*)

HENRI—(*Waiter.*) "Monsieur?"

RAYMOND—"Oh, er—er"—(*Thinks a moment*) "just bring me a tonique."

HENRI—"Oui, Monsieur, certainement, Monsieur, une tonique tres vite."

(*Exit waiter quickly into the café and returns with glass of colorless fluid, which he serves.*) "Voila, Monsieur, Merci, Monsieur." (*He stands back against the wall R. Raymond takes from his pocket Hélaine's note and reads it carefully and places it back into his pocket.*)

MUSTAFI SADI—"Yes, but what about this revolt that our spies are telling his Majesty that has been started at Salonika? His Majesty is worried over this and asks you to endeavor to get the particulars. This scroll was handed him to-day, just as he was leaving the mosque, by an old astrologer." (*He takes the scroll from his pocket and hands it to Mizzet.*)

MIZZET—(*Taking the scroll, unrolling it and reading.*) "Oh, great Calif of All Califs. Your throne is in grave danger. One Javid Bey, together with one Kevshet Pasha, have organized a revolt at Salonika. They have forced the regular troops who wanted to remain loyal to you to join them, and these, with many thousand volunteers, are now en route to the city to dethrone you. May Allah give you the strength to smite your enemies."

MIZZET—"I have suspected all along that these men were members of the committee of five who direct the operation of the Young Turks, and now I am convinced." (*Clenches and unclenches his hand.*) "Every spy we sent to assassinate them has been, in turn, assassinated. I'll give them credit for outspying us, but something has got to be done to intimidate them."

MUSTAFA SADI—"Get a list of the officers

of the three barracks in the city. Indicate those that can and those that cannot be depended upon. The soldiers are loyal, but most of the officers belong to the Committee of Union and Progress, and must be sacrificed."

MIZZET—"With the gold we have we can pay up the back pay of the soldiers and can control them. The list will be ready this afternoon, and by that time the gold will be at the barracks in readiness. I am convinced the trained local troops will easily sweep up the rabble from Salonika should they dare attempt to take the city."

MUSTAFA SADI—"When all is in readiness, the signal will be given. You will come to Yildiz to-night?" (*He stands up.*)

AMBASSADOR FLEISHMAN—(*Coming in from R3E and walking up behind Raymond. Jovially.*) "Cheer up, Percival, you'll soon be dead."

RAYMOND—(*Jumping up.*) "Hello, glad to see you, sir." (*Calls to waiter, who comes to table.*) "Hey—Garçon!" (*Both sit down. Waiter comes quickly forward.*)

AMBASSADOR—"You look as if you had the world on your shoulder. What's the matter?"

RAYMOND—"What will you have, sir?"

AMBASSADOR — (*Seriously to waiter.*)

"Say, Cuthbert, bring me a cup of cup custard."

WAITER—(*Bowing, and seriously.*) "Monsieur? Cup of cuth cuth*pard.* What ees eet?"

RAYMOND—(*Laughing.*) "Cuth of cuth cuthpard. Oh!" (*Holds hand to cheek.*) "I got a mouthful."

AMBASSADOR—(*Seriously.*) "No, Cuthbert, a cup of cuth—cuth——" (*Laughing.*) "He's got me saying it now." (*Raymond and Ambassador laugh. Waiter looks solemn and perplexed.*)

WAITER—(*Excitedly.*) "Mon Dieu—who is thees cuth of cuptard cusses?" (*Gesticulates wildly.*) "Sacre Bleu, I know heem not!" (*Ambassador and Raymond explode with laughter.*)

RAYMOND—"Have a heart, your Excellency. He can't prove he is sober. He is getting worse. Tell him what you want!"

AMBASSADOR—(*Wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, and to waiter*). "If you haven't got what I said—I can't say it again—I don't want anything. It is too early for liquor and too late for coffee. I can't drink these messy drinks." (*He taps glass before Raymond. Waiter shrugs shoulders and makes exit into café, mutter-*

ing.) "But come, Raymond, what's all the worry about?"

RAYMOND—"You remember that Kurd that we pulled out of the Bosphorus that Sunday?"

AMBASSADOR—"Yes. He seemed very grateful, and swore by the beard of the prophet that some day he would do you a favor."

RAYMOND—"Well, he works in the garden at Yildiz. I happened to be mistaken for a courier one time when I was at the depot by a couple of Frenchmen with a charming young girl. Gad, she was pretty. I can't get her off my mind." (*Looks abstracted.*)

AMBASSADOR—"Love at first sight, eh—go on."

RAYMOND—"Well, the upshot was that I consented to show them the way to Yildiz. They had an appointment with the Sultan. As I was leaving the grounds this Kurd came up to me with a flower, and as he gave it to me said that if the young lady was a friend of mine to look after her, as, while working in a flower bed under the window, he overheard the two Frenchmen talking, and from what he gathered he believed they had lured the young girl there to sell her to the Sultan."

AMBASSADOR—"That's not so very uncommon, but I fancy she was willing, all right."

RAYMOND—"Had you seen the girl you wouldn't think so. She was a dream."

AMBASSADOR—"Perhaps so." (*Laughs.*) "What did you do next?"

RAYMOND—"I went back to the palace and warned them, but they held a bold front and would admit nothing. I had their movements watched, but was informed that they left with the young girl and caught a train that night for Paris."

AMBASSADOR—"Well, what are you worrying about now? You were not smitten, were you?" (*Laughs.*) "You young bucks certainly fall easily before a pretty face. I'll wager she has never given you another thought." (*Leans over, and seriously.*) "Did she drop you a love letter and forget to enclose her address?" (*Laughs.*)

RAYMOND—(*Earnestly.*) "All joking aside. Something happened to-day that has given me an idea that after all she may be in that old devil's harem. I can't make it out, but I will tell you more about it later." (*He looks at his watch.*) "I have an engagement at three, and it is about time for me to be off."

AMBASSADOR—(*Nodding across the street*

to the eunuch.) "Say, I believe there is the chief eunuch." (*In mock seriousness, leaning across the table and placing his hand on Raymond's arm.*) "Why not ask the good fellow if she is among the fortunate ones?" (*Laughs.*)

RAYMOND—"I believe I will. He will lie to me, but he may drop a hint or look that may give me an inkling."

MIZZET—"I'll be there about eight o'clock; in meantime, adieu."

MUSTAFA SADI — (*Waves hand.*) "Adieu." (*Walks toward RIE and passes café before which Raymond is sitting. Raymond gets up and calls to him.*)

RAYMOND—"Hey! may I have a word with you?" (*The eunuch stops.*) "You are Mustafa Sadi, the Celebrated, are you not?" (*He takes a cigar from his outside coat pocket.*)

MUSTAFA SADI—"They call me by that name."

RAYMOND—(*Places the cigar in Mustafa's hand.*) "Smoke that when you have time and you will forget your troubles." (*The black looks at the cigar, being attracted by its bright red wrapper, which he examines.*) "By the way, is there in the royal harem a pretty red-headed French—"

MUSTAFA—"To be seen talking to you

in this manner may cost me my head" (*He takes the cigar and shoves it into Raymond's outside breast pocket of his coat.*) "and" (*Pause.*) "yours. Adieu, effendi." (*He smiles, showing his teeth and walks off, exit R1E.*)

RAYMOND — (*Looking after him.*) "Damn!" (*He looks again at his watch.*) "It is time for me to keep that rendezvous." (*As he moves off, to Ambassador.*) "If I don't come back, the dog is yours." (*Exit R3E. The Ambassador waves to him. Mizzet Pasha gets up and comes across the stage to the Ambassador's table.*)

MIZZET—"Good day, your Excellency." (*The Ambassador stands up and shakes hands with him.*)

AMBASSADOR—"How are you, Mizzet Pasha; are things going to suit you, now you and your friends are back in your power?"

MIZZET—"Things never go so well that they couldn't go better; and with you?"

AMBASSADOR—"Splendid. I have a despatch that my wife and children are in Budapest and will leave soon for Constantinople. They may be here to-morrow or Sunday."

MIZZET—"You have been my friend." (*Slowly.*) "Budapest is a most interesting city; telegraph them to remain there a week and see the city." (*He blows out a puff of*

smoke and walks slowly off the stage. The Ambassador is in a brown study. After a few moments, hurriedly, from across bridge L rear comes the American Consul General. He sees the Ambassador and comes quickly up to him. He has a despatch in his hand.)

CONSUL GENERAL OZMUND—(*Giving the despatch to the Ambassador.*) "I was just on my way to the Embassy. This is from my consular agent at Salonika. He says that the troops are on the way to take Constantinople, and will make the attempt early next week. I also hear that when this news is known here there will be rioting and massacring. A plot is now being hatched among the Kurds to massacre the Armenians and Christians in the city, and I fear it may come about to-morrow, as that is the date set for it."

AMBASSADOR—"Something is in the wind. I know from what Mizzet Pasha just let slip. From whom did you get the information about the plot?"

CONSUL GENERAL—"To-day, from one of my servants, who is seemingly in the plot. We must endeavor to get the Young Turks to try to take the city in the morning."

AMBASSADOR—"This is indeed serious. What do you suggest?"

CONSUL GENERAL—"A message must be

gotten to Kevshet Pasha, the generalissimo of the advancing army, explaining the situation and urging that they get here by to-morrow morning. They will have better chances of success, anyway, if the surprise can be carried out."

AMBASSADOR—"Let us lose no time in this." (*Exeunt LIE.*)

Curtain

ACT IV

Scene 1—The Big Gate, Dolma Bagtché Palace

Time—Three O'clock Friday Afternoon
Exterior Scene

(*From extreme R front to RC rear is shown the big gate of Dolma Bagtché. Two sentinels pace up and down before the gate. A few moments after curtain rises, Raymond McKensie appears from* L1E, *walks to C fore stage and looks at his watch. He is dressed in a light suit and carries a cane with crook in handle. He walks to C rear, looks at the water.*)

RAYMOND—"Gee—but that current is swift. The Black Sea ought to go dry at this rate." (*Pause. He looks up and down the Bosphorus.*) "I wonder if she expects to come out of the water. She must be a mermaid!" (*He walks up and down before the gate C front to C rear and back again to extreme L front.*) "Watch the water! Bah!" (*Looks toward palace.*) "I sup-

pose she and the rest of the haremites are splitting their sides with laughter behind those shades." (*Looks at audience.*) "I feel like a fool. How could any one hold a tryst in an open place like this? The old geezer could see us a mile off." (*He walks to the rear and back again. Looks at his watch*) "It is three now." (*Looks up suddenly.*) "Did she mean Turkish time or European time? Curses on a nation that tolerates two times! A man has to carry two watches here to be on the job." (*He walks to the water. A distant cry is heard. Muezzin calling to prayer.*)

MUEZZIN'S VOICE—"Allah Akber—Allah Akber—Allah Akber—Allah Akber. Allah—Il—Lah—Il Allah—Allah Akber—La Il Lah Il Allah."

GUARDS—(*Together.*) "Prayer!" (*They perform the prayer ceremony on the stage by kneeling, LIE facing Mecca (East, or up stage) and bowing their heads to the floor a number of times.*)

RAYMOND—(*Putting his cane into the water and pulling up a line with a cork on it.*) "Hello, what's this? Some one lost a fishing line." (*He gives it a tug, and then looks upstream R.*) "Ah, ha!" (*Looks around stealthily, and then takes a note out from a hole in the cork. The cork falls to*

the floor.) "This looks more like business." (*He walks forestage and reads note.*) "I hope you haven't forgotten me. I have been a captive here two months. I nearly died of gladness when I saw you yesterday. Don't reveal the knowledge that you know I am here or I shall perish. So far I am all right. I have a rope of horse hair, and if you will meet me at midnight by the little gate in the west wall I shall try to escape. I dread every new night in this place, so if you can, won't you meet me to-night? I am placing you in grave danger, but I believe you are brave and will help me. Hélaine Periot."

RAYMOND—(*In sheer astonishment leans against the stone base on the fence.*) "Is it possible? My God, is it possible?" (*Walks up and down.*) "How could it have happened? This is awful." (*Takes note from his pocket and writes hurriedly.*) "Dear Miss Hélaine, I am consumed with anger over this atrocity. I shall be there at midnight. I will make known my presence by a quail whistle. Answer the same way. Be courageous and do not falter." (*He makes a fine roll of the note, walks rear stage, picks up the cork, places the note in it, and throws it back into the water, just as two soldiers arise from prayer on stage. Raymond pauses at C to light a cigarette, blows out a*

puff of smoke, throws away the match, and, with a disdainful laugh at the guards who are watching him suspiciously, he makes exit L1E.)

Curtain

Scene 2—Sultan's Den in the Yildiz Kiosh
Time—Friday night.
Interior Scene

(*Interior one-story circular room that adjoins Yildiz palace. The low windows in C rear adjoin each other, through which can be seen the city in the distance. Fountain at RC. This is a low basin with a small crystal rail around it, through which can be seen the water in the basin. A small stream plays up from the center of the fountain. Doors at L2E and R2E. Rug on floor at LC. Painted panels in Turkish designs on walls. (Nothing living is painted or portrayed in Turkey.) A low seat is before the windows. Rest of room bare of furniture. Time—Friday night after the Selamlik. At rise of curtain the Sultan comes in dressed in his brown robe and walks hurriedly to the window and looks out intently. Scattered firing is heard, and here and there a glow is seen against the sky. Now and*

then distant shouting is heard. Sultan says nothing. After a few moments' pause, Mizzet Pasha enters from door at R2E.)

MIZZET—(*Going to window and looking out.*) "Looks like we have played hell, does it not, your Majesty?"

SULTAN—(*Turning around.*) "Ah! It is you. I was just thinking of Rome burning and how Nero must have felt as he looked out upon it."

MIZZET—"With all that racket going on it does look like the burning of Rome. I guess we might as well tune up the old fiddle, eh?"

SULTAN—"Joking aside, what's going on?" (*Both seat themselves on the divan. Mizzet lights a cigarette.*)

MIZZET—"The soldiers got the gold, all right. Murdered all their officers, all right, and are now painting the town. I guess they will continue on the rampage until the money is all spent or they all get drunk."

SULTAN—"We should have made some provisions against this. It will hurt us with the old Turks."

MIZZET—"I figured that the officers who were not listed and who escaped could control them, but it looks as if any escaped, they have vanished."

(*Sultan pulls cord by the window, and or-*

derly comes in through door at R2E and salaams.)

SULTAN—(*Rising.*) "Bring Emvers Bey, the Minister of War, here at once." (*Orderly starts off.*) "Hold; bring also Ismed Pasha, the Minister of Finance. He is a sly dog and may suggest something. Eh, Mizzet?" (*Orderly salaams, exit R2E.*) "Several heads are better than one. I know that old Ismed is more with us than against us, and will go down if we fall."

MIZZET—"Don't consider that a possibility, as the regulars will soon rout that army of stragglers and volunteers from Salonika."

SULTAN—"Anything is possible. Anyway, I have been thinking a good deal what Javid Bey said. I am no more than a prisoner here and my life is at best short. If it comes to worst I will resign and enjoy the rest of my life as it suits my pleasure, and not be restricted by the onerous duties of the throne."

MIZZET—"Your Majesty, you shock me. You were born to rule this Empire and are the hereditary head of Moslem. It is not yours to give and take. You must be Sultan till death."

SULTAN—"What if this motley crowd gets hold of me? How long will my heredi-

tary right sustain me? Evil has been perhaps my rule; nevertheless, as long as I am here there will be peace with Europe; but mark me, Mizzet, when I am gone, all agreements will be at an end, and you shall witness chaos, bloodshed and great loss in Turkish possessions. Mark me on this."

MIZZET—"I have always given you full credit for your diplomatic astuteness, dear Sultan, but why discuss your leaving? You will be here for a long time yet."

SULTAN—(*Points to the door at L2E.*) "Do you see that door? It is at the end of a passageway that leads from the garden. The passageway is so narrow that only one man at a time can enter." (*He points to panel at L of window.*) "By touching a spring in that panel a rapid fire gun will roll into place and command the passageway. It is fired by electricity and will shoot for thirty minutes. The windows are protected by" (*Walks to fountain.*) "heavy steel curtains. This fountain is not so artless as it seems." (*He lifts up panel at base of rim to the fountain, turns a knob, replaces the panel. The fountain stops playing. The water in the basin is seen to run out, the fountain lifts up automatically, revealing an opening to an underground passage. After a moment the fountain settles down, closing*

up the gap, the water begins to play, and soon it was as before.)

MIZZET—"Marvelous!"

SULTAN—"That passageway leads to a spot opposite my yacht. In eleven minutes from here I can be on board."

MIZZET—"Truly, that is a remarkable arrangement, but I hope you will never be forced to use it."

SULTAN—"It is not unlikely that I shall use it shortly. If you hear of the attacking forces being successful, go at once on board my yacht and await me. This ring will gain you admission." (*Takes off ring and gives it to him.*) "But take with you as much as possible of your worldly wealth, for I fear what you leave will be confiscated, as you are not well loved, my dear Mizzet, by either old or young Turks."

MIZZET—" 'Tis, alas, true; but what of your wealth?"

SULTAN—"I have enough gold on deposit in various European banks to take care of me for a long time, and behind those panels" (*Nods at the wall R of windows.*) "are several million pounds in securities and bank notes. There is no danger of my dying a pauper. There are a few good kicks still left in this old carcass, and if we are forced

to go to Europe we will have them, eh, Mizzet?"

MASTER OF CEREMONY—(*Appearing on threshold.*) "Your Majesty, Emvers Bey, the Minister of War, is here."

SULTAN—"Admit him."

(*Enter Door R Minister of War.*)

MINISTER OF WAR EMVERS BEY—(*Salutes.*) "Your Majesty, you sent for me?"

SULTAN—"The soldiers of the city barracks fearing they would be forced by their officers to side with the young Turks, as they were made to do at Salonika, in spirit of patriotism, mutinied this evening and slew their officers. They are now running amuck. I am afraid some damage is being done, and more will be done unless they are restrained. A consultation is in order. Can you suggest some officers who escaped who could take them in charge?"

EMVERS BEY—"Some gallant and faithful men were ruthlessly butchered, and those that escaped now fear for their lives. I have nothing to suggest."

SULTAN—(*To Master of Ceremony.*) "Escort the effendi to one of the little cells below the water line, and perhaps later on he can think up a few suggestions."

EMVERS BEY—"Your Majesty, I feel deeply the loss of these men, but I can-

not——" (*Sultan makes a motion with his hand. The Minister of War bows and makes exit with Master of Ceremony through DR2E.*)

SULTAN—(*Calling after him.*) "You need meditation." (*Enter orderly from door R2E.*)

MASTER OF CEREMONY—"Your Majesty, his excellency the Minister of Finance, Ismed Pasha."

SULTAN—"Present him." (*Exit orderly DR2E and returns quickly with the Minister of Finance, who bows low in giving the salute, but says nothing.*)

SULTAN—"Ah. Ismed, we are in a dilemma. As you may know, the soldiers are amuck. You who are trained to solve such intricate problems as financing this government can surely make a suggestion that would be apropos."

ISMED PASHA—"The problem is——?"

SULTAN—(*Impatiently.*) "To pacify the soldiers and get them back to the barracks as quickly as possible."

ISMED PASHA—(*Astutely.*) "Why not get them back in the same manner in which they were induced to leave?"

SULTAN—"How was that?"

(*The Minister of Finance looks at Miz-*

zet and then at the Sultan and simply shrugs his shoulders.)

SULTAN—"Speak, man, and without fear."

ISMED PASHA—"By gold, or" (*Significantly.*) "by promises of gold."

MIZZET—"Great!"

ISMED PASHA—(*Dryly.*) "Pass the word that more gold will be forthcoming to those soldiers who have so faithfully performed their orders, provided they are back in the barracks by daybreak."

MIZZET—(*Excitedly and standing up.*) "We can say that the money will be paid out only as long as it lasts and first come first served, and that we will start paying early."

SULTAN—"Very good, Mizzet, pass the word at once." (*Mizzet bows and makes exit through DR2E.*)

ISMED PASHA—"May I go?"

SULTAN—"I prefer you spend the night at the palace to-night. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and I would like to know how much more you know of this gold story." (*Presses push-button on end of bell cord by window, and attendant appears door R2E.*) "Show the Effendi the guest chamber." (*Minister bows and withdraws through DR2E with attendant.*)

SULTAN—(*Lighting a cigarette, and look-*

ing out of the window. Everything is now quiet outside.) "This is a beautiful night for a romance. I guess I shall pay that long deferred visit to my little kitten in Dolma Bagtché. It is now or never, for no telling what to-morrow will bring forth."

Curtain

ACT V

Scene 1—Dolma Bagtché Palace

Time—About Midnight, Friday

Exterior Scene, Full Stage

(A portion of Dolma Bagtché Palace extends from R to C. A wall runs from R1E to about two-thirds of the way to C and then obliquely to the palace at C. Here it joins a small one-story annex (Practical) to the palace. The top of the wall (Practical) is on a line with the roof of the annex. A gate is in the wall fore stage. Adjoining the annex C is a part of the palace proper. The main building is two stories high. Colonnades face the front of the main wing of the building. This wing has a flat roof (Practical). A balustrade extends around the roof. The wing has no upper windows. An iron fence, not so high as the wall, extends obliquely from wall (at the point where the wall makes the turn towards palace) to L2E. The fence is mounted on a stone base.

On a drop in the background is seen the Bosphorus. A crescent moon is shown over it. Stars are seen in the sky. The Sultan's yacht is shown in the distance fully illuminated. Lights from other vessels are seen. Lights twinkle from Asiatic side. A eunuch sits on the steps in front of palace. Guards stand at R and L of stage. Sultan enters in palace ground soon after curtain rises from L3E. He is smoking a cigarette and wears frock coat and black silk tie and red fez. He walks toward the water and looks at the stars. One is shining especially bright over the palace.)

SULTAN—"Oh, Venus, give me charm and eloquence of youth this evening, I pray thee, for I need them both." (*Looks at yacht.*) "If I could but win this little beauty the rest can hang. Willing or not I shall win her, and shall see that this night she is placed on board my yacht." (*Looks again at Venus.*) "Oh, Venus, fail me not——" (*Just at that moment he sees the head of a woman appearing over the top of the roof to the palace.*) "Bismillah, what is that? How! What the—— It is she!" (*To the eunuch.*) "Mustafa, quick!" (*The eunuch runs to his master's side.*) "Look!" (*Points to Hélaine, who has not seen the*

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DOLMA BAGTCHÉ PALACE

Sultan. She raises up and gives the bob white quail whistle.)

SULTAN—"Watch her and if she descends, catch her." (*He rushes into the house. Hélaine wears a long cloak. She lowers a rope and begins to descend to the roof of the small annex. The eunuch begins to climb up the trellis work to meet her. A quail whistle is heard in the distance.*)

VOICE FROM WITHIN PALACE—(*Low wail.*) "Oh, spare me, my master, spare me. I couldn't——" (*Voice is suddenly smothered. Sultan's head appears on roof just about time Hélaine reaches the little roof. The eunuch reaches the roof of the wing about the same time and rushes to Hélaine and attempts to seize her. She cries out and, swiftly taking a long pair of scissors from her belt, stabs the eunuch through the heart. He falls to the roof and rolls off of it to the ground behind the wall. She looks at the weapon, then throws it from her in dismay.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Shuddering.*) "God! what have I done?"

SULTAN—"Guards, stop her! shoot her!" (*The guards are within the palace grounds. Hélaine, after stabbing the eunuch, runs quickly along the wall that leads from the*

roof to the wall that is front stage. The soldiers fire at her just as she jumps. As she jumps Raymond rushes out from L1E and catches her, but both fall to the ground. The Sultan's head has disappeared. The guards exeunt L2E running. Raymond and Hélaine both get up but Hélaine sinks down again.)

HÉLAINE—"My ankles. Mon Dieu—Mon Dieu." (*Buries face in hands.*)

RAYMOND—(*Rushes to wings R and returns quickly.*) "Crawl up this hill and you will find yourself at the French Embassy." (*He takes her in his arms and rushes out R1E and comes back quickly alone. The cloak is left behind.*) "They will catch her sure." (*He looks around and perceives the cloak. This he throws about his shoulders and head and sinks down beside the wall, well covered up, just as the two guards run on the stage from L1E. They run up to the hidden form. The Sultan bursts out of gate in wall fore stage.*)

SULTAN—"You fools, you have killed her! Why didn't you aim high?"

SOLDIERS—"We aimed at the sky, your Majesty."

SULTAN—"Quick, the palace doctor." (*Both guards exeunt through gate in the wall.*)

"This is terrible!" (*Clenches hands together a moment.*) "Poor little dear." (*Touches form on the shoulder. Softly.*) "Hélaine? Hélaine?"

(*Draws back the cloak. Raymond springs up. The Sultan falls back in amazement.*)

RAYMOND—"I am the Chargé d'Affaires of the American Embassy. The girl who just escaped is a friend of mine. You shall pay dearly for this, Habdul Amid."

(*Sultan springs at him in a rage.*)

SULTAN—"You whelp of a mangy cur! I shall choke out your insolent tongue with these bare hands, if I lose my soul! Damn you!" (*He has Raymond by the throat and pushes him back against the wall. Raymond struggles. The sudden onslaught took him by surprise. By a sudden upward swing of his arms he breaks the hold of the Sultan, and after a short struggle he has the Sultan by the throat and is choking him backward across his knee. The Sultan has one knee on the ground and has both hands on Raymond's wrist trying to break his hold.*)

RAYMOND—(*Hisses.*) "You old devil, you have uttered your last blaspheme!" (*Just then the guards return with the doctor, through the gate. They seize Raymond and soon overpower him. As soon as the Sultan gets up he rubs his neck. He leans on the*

doctor. The soldiers hold Raymond by each arm.)

SULTAN—"Take him to Yildiz. To-morrow at sunrise I shall see him die if I have to kill him myself." (*Exit soldiers* L1E, *with Raymond between them.*)

SULTAN—"Doctor, quick! It may be time yet to catch the little mink. Let's get the dogs."

(*Exeunt hurriedly through gate in the wall.*)

Curtain

Scene 2—In the Garden of Yildiz

Time—Saturday morning

Exterior Scene

(*At R is seen outside of the circular room, Sultan's den, the interior of which was shown in Act IV, Scene 2. The house extends from wings on right nearly to C. From C rear to L rear extends a brick wall about seven feet high. Shrubbery along L side from front to rear. Small set tree, practical, at point about ten feet from rear L corner. Walk extends from* R1E *to C, thence to C rear and exit around rear house R. There is small projection from the right face of the building at the end of which is a door. The projection*

makes very narrow the passage into the building. The building is one story, and the part seen from the audience is circular in outline. It is attached to the main palace, but only a slight projection of the palace is shown at R wing. The house has two small, narrow windows in it, facing stage front. It is guarded with heavy blinds from inside. These are closed. Time, at rise, just before dawn. Stage is first dark. Sentinel walks to and fro across stage. Light is gradually made brighter. Birds begin to sing. Clouds get reddish, then golden. Distant firing is heard; then, bugle calls; artillery firing; more firing. The sentry stops as if listening. Sound of galloping horse is heard. It gets nearer and then stops. In rushes Mizzet from R1E. He is dressed in trousers, boots and spurs, but wears a pajama jacket instead of a shirt. He has a bandage tied around his head. The sentry stops him.)

SENTRY—"Halt!"

MIZZET—(*At C.*) "This is no time for ceremony. Get his Majesty here at once." (*Firing is growing louder. Yells are heard.*) "Hurry."

(*The sentry rushes into building through small door at C. Mizzet stamps around, whipping his boots with his crop, showing impatience. Out rush the Sultan and sen-*

try from same door. The Sultan is dressed in dark trousers, brown lounging robe, shirt without collar. He wears slippers and fez. It is now about full light.)

SULTAN—(*Excitedly.*) "What is it, are we attacked?"

MIZZET—"Yes, and the Tash Kischla barrack has fallen. From it they are directing a murderous crossfire on the other two barracks. They cannot hold out long, and this place will be next."

(*Shriek of a shell is heard.*)

SULTAN—(*Pointing to Mizzet's head.*) "You are wounded."

MIZZET—"I was struck by a stray bullet. It is nothing."

SULTAN—"It looks like the beginning of the end. Get to the yacht as quickly as possible. I shall join you shortly." (*Sultan starts to reënter the house.*) "But wait. There is one thing that I promised myself that shall be carried out. That is the shooting of that American, curse him." (*He clenches his fist. To the guard.*) "Have the prisoner that was taken last night at Dolma Bagtché brought here at once by the death squad. Make haste." (*Guard makes exit RIE. The Sultan climbs up on the wall at L rear by means of some spikes driven in the wall and looks over the wall.*)

SULTAN—"Kishkisla seems to be still holding out, but I can see the shells striking the building. That artillery fire must be directed by German Officers. It is too accurate to be Turkish." (*Excitedly.*) "The barracks have raised the white flag."

(*Marching of soldiers is heard. Squad of four men led by an officer come in from* R1E *with prisoner between them. The Sultan gets down and points to the little tree. The corporal and soldiers salute. The officer gives some orders, and the prisoner is blindfolded and hands tied behind him, and then led up to the tree and fastened to it. Shells can be heard shrieking more plainly. Soldiers line up in firing order.*)

MIZZET—"Hurry, your Majesty. They are firing on this place, and any moment it may be too late."

(*Sultan raises his hand to the officer, who gives order to soldiers.*)

OFFICER—"Attention. Load." (*Soldiers load.*)

OFFICER—"Aim!"

(*Just as they aim a shell is heard to loudly shriek, followed by a crash and a loud explosion. A cloud of smoke, dust and parts of shrubbery are thrown on the stage from* L1E. *The force of explosion has thrown*

one soldier on his back and staggered the others.)

MIZZET—"Run, they have our range!"

(*The soldiers drop their guns and flee. Exeunt R1E and L1E. Mizzet tries to push the Sultan into the door C. The Sultan pushes him away, reaches down, and picks up the gun from the fallen soldier, who jumps up and runs.*)

SULTAN—(*Taking aim at the prisoner.*) "Damn him, he shall die!"

(*A shell hits the wall and it collapses, leaving a big gap. The Sultan and Mizzet are both knocked down. A bugle call is heard. Mizzet jumps up, fairly throws the Sultan into the passageway C, and then runs off stage R1E just as a squad of mounted cavalrymen dash up to the opening. They leave their horses outside the wall, and rush inside, followed by numerous soldiers with white caps on their heads. All shout.*)

SOLDIERS—"Where is Bedros, Peter the Armenian? Where is he, Habdul Amid?"

(*An armored automobile drives before the gap. It contains three officers and a girl. Hélaine rushes through the gap. On seeing Raymond tied to the tree, she utters a cry, and rushes to him and pulls the bandage from his eyes.*)

HÉLAINE—"Oh—my brave boy, thank

God we were in time." (*She takes his face in her hands and kisses it.*) "Speak, dear, are you hurt?"

RAYMOND—"I thought I was dead, but to awake and find you is like heaven."

(*She kisses him again.*

Kevshet Pasha comes up.)

KEVSHET PASHA—"Permit me to release him so he can defend himself."

(*All three laugh. Raymond is released, and rubs his wrists and eyes.*)

RAYMOND—"You had a decisive victory. Let me congratulate and thank you, General. You came none too quick for me." (*He shakes the general's hand.*)

KEVSHET—"It was a costly victory. When we first attacked Tash Kischla, the inmates raised a white flag, but when we sent a regiment of men to take the surrender, the treacherous dogs shot them and their officers down to a man. I then commanded that the volunteers lead in taking the barracks, and cautioned them to shoot down the regulars among our own troops if they showed signs of mutiny. I ordered them to bring no prisoners. We made a breach with the artillery; the place was taken by storm, and the fifteen hundred men inside were slain." (*Soldiers led by a captain and a lieutenant rush back on the stage from R1E.*)

SOLDIERS—"Where is Bedros? Let's smoke him out."

KEVSHET—"Stop!" (*Men all stop.*) "Have a line thrown around the place." (*The officers salute.*)

CAPTAIN MOHAMID ALI BEY—"Fall in." (*Men fall in.*) "Every ten paces one man step out. Forward." (*Led by the lieutenant, they march out the breach in the wall, leaving a man at each ten paces.*)

HÉLAINE—"Oh! I forgot. The Sultan told me that he had a secret passageway from that room" (*Points to room*) "to his yacht. Quick—to the Bosphorus at the spot just off of which is moored his yacht." (*She runs towards the auto—Raymond follows.*)

KEVSHET—(*To the captain.*) "When the Kiosh is surrounded, search it. We go to the harbor." (*Kevshet rushes to the auto after Hélaine and Raymond. Car moves from view. Soldiers appear on stage at R. Lieutenant in charge salutes the captain, who has remained on the stage.*)

LIEUTENANT—"The Kiosh and garden of Yildiz is surrounded!"

CAPTAIN MOHAMID ALI BEY—(*Pointing to the door of the house.*) "Search that first." (*An order is given by the lieutenant, and four soldiers start for the door. At this point the lights on the stage are dimmed*

and the interior of the house is illuminated so that it can be seen from the audience. The Sultan is seen inside moving about hurriedly, taking bags from niches in the wall, and packing them into a large leather box he has under his arm. The soldiers begin breaking down the door. The Sultan darts to the wall at L rear of the room, pulls knob, and the rapid-fire gun rolls into place and commands the passageway. He reaches down and pulls the knob at fountain base. As the soldiers batter in the door, the gun begins to shoot rapidly; the attacking men fall. More rush up; they fall. Sufficient time has elapsed during the attack to allow Kevshet and his party to reach the mouth of the secret passageway on the Bosphorus. The fountain lifts. The Sultan takes the box under his arm and prepares to escape, but pauses to shake his fist in the direction of the attacking party at the door. He turns and looks down into the opening to find that he has pointing at his breast a dozen bayonets. He falls back against the wall in dismay. No action and silence for a few moments.)

SULTAN—"Kismet."

(*Soldiers followed by Kevshet pour out of the passage and seize the Sultan.*)

Curtain

Scene 3—Grand Salon. French Embassy

Time—Few days later

Interior Scene, Full Stage

(*Two Turkish Krevasses with knives and pistols stuck in their belts stand at R and L of rear entrance. Their uniforms contain much gold braid. Butler in plain evening dress suit stands at door C rear. At rise, there is no one on the stage but the servants, Krevasses, butlers and musicians. A moment later the Ambassador enters from R2E. The Ambassador is dressed in evening coat with dark satin knee trousers, pumps. He has a red satin ribbon across his chest with a decoration on same. At the same time the Ambassadress makes entrance from L3E. Servants straighten up stiffly in their respective places.*)

AMBASSADOR—"Ah, my dear, I am pleased to see that you are strictly on time this time. Here in the Levant, where social functions of this character are so seldom given, all formalities are closely observed."

AMBASSADRESS—"That I appreciate, but I must confess what makes me so early this time is my interest in this affair, which is far more than I have had in the others. Besides, this is my party for Hélaine." (*She*

places her hand on his arm.) "I knew her when she was a little girl. Her mother has always been a dear friend of mine."

AMBASSADOR—"She is a remarkable girl, and has had a remarkable experience. I hear that it was only her strength of character that kept him from her so long. I suppose now she will marry the young American who aided her in her escape. I have investigated his family, and he comes from good people, well thought of in his country. However, he has only his salary for support, and that is hardly sufficient to decently support him."

AMBASSADRESS—"That is too bad, for she is crazy about him. While her family own big estates, they are heavily incumbered, and her mother has had her heart set on Hélaine's marrying a rich man. She is the only child."

(*Enter Hélaine from L3E. She is dressed in white, and has a large bunch of pink roses in her arms. She wears one in her hair.*)

HÉLAINE—"Oh, there you are, Tante. I have been looking everywhere for you. You certainly look beautiful; doesn't she, your Excellency?"

AMBASSADOR—"She always does."

HÉLAINE—"And I?" (*She drops a courtesy.*)

AMBASSADOR—(*Laughing.*) "If you

don't want my wife to be jealous of you, don't ask."

AMBASSADRESS—"Pay him no attention, Hélaine, he is an old tease and a flirt. You do look lovely. Turn around." (*Hélaine does so.*) "You are like a dainty creation in Dresden china."

(*Ambassadress arranges the bow in the back of Hélaine's dress.*) "Where did you get the beautiful roses?" (*Hélaine shows embarrassment.*)

AMBASSADOR—"Such a superfluous question. They are a donation from the Old Men's Home. Are they not, Hélaine?" (*Hélaine hugs them up close.*)

HÉLAINE—"I shall not answer such impudence." (*She takes the Ambassadress by the arm and leads her down stage.*) "Read this." (*She gives the Ambassadress a note which she takes out of her girdle. The Ambassador walks to rear, lights a cigarette and talks to the butler at door C rear.*)

AMBASSADRESS—(*Reading.*) "Oh, had I but a world, like Marc Antony, to lay at thy feet, my Cleopatra." (*Smiles.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Handing her a second one and naïvely.*) "Now, read this. It came with the books yesterday."

AMBASSADRESS—(*Reading note.*)

"Sunlit eyes and sunkissed tresses
And a sweet madonna's face,
With the beauty that it possesses
And all the charm of human grace.

Buonarotti's sculptured marble
Hath no symmetry more choice,
Nor the mocking bird's sweet warble
Is sweeter than your voice."

(*Shaking head at Hélaine.*) "My, my, but he is a lover." (*Laughs heartily.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Snatching the notes peevishly and placing them in the bosom of her dress.*) "Oh, Tante, he is such a dear, and I love him madly. After my awful experience and from what he saved me, in the face of almost certain death to himself, have I not earned a right to marry for love, one of my own choosing, and has he not a positive claim on me, if he wants me?"

AMBASSADRESS—"How do you know he wants you, my little puss; has he proposed yet?"

HÉLAINE—(*Hanging her head and then looking up.*) "No, not yet; but he will." (*She clasps her hand over her heart and face brightens.*) "To-night; I feel it."

AMBASSADRESS—"And will you accept him?"

HÉLAINE—"Don't press me on that point, but please send a despatch to my mother explaining and interceding for me, won't you, dear Tante?"

AMBASSADRESS—"But you hardly know the man. You have known him only a few days. You can not know your mind so soon."

HÉLAINE—"I shall tell you a secret." (*She puts her head on the Ambassadress' shoulder and giggles.*) "I have known him a long time. Ever since the day I got here." (*Laughing.*) "He worked for me!" (*Giggles again.*)

AMBASSADRESS—"Hélaine, stop this nonsense. What do you mean, child? He worked for you?"

HÉLAINE—"When those two polished and elegant rascals, my escorts, Monsieurs Bideleux and Toriont" (*She bows in mock courtesy*), "and myself arrived in this city, we looked about for a courier. We saw a sign at the depot which said 'Couriers to be had here'; under this sign stood a fine-looking young man. I quickly told Toriont to engage him. When we approached him on the subject he appeared somewhat taken back, but saw the sign which was over his head and then he saw me. Tante, I can never forget that look. He seemed to drink in my soul through his eyes, and I felt myself drifting

towards him. I felt something primeval rise in me and say, 'This is he!' He looked at me so long that Bideleux spoke to him sharply. He immediately retained his composure, blushed profusely, apologized deeply, and said that it would be his pleasure to show us about the city. However, his actions were so marked that they dismissed him at the gate of Yildiz, and he refused to take any money, but merely looked at me right hard and said he had been amply rewarded. He blushed again and stated that the porter of the Pera Palace Hotel would get him for us should we need him. All the way from the depot to the palace we tried to talk to each other, but could not, and do you know, Tante, all the time I was in that old horrid harem I felt sure it would be he who would rescue me. I prayed that it would be he."

AMBASSADRESS—"And pray when did you find out that he was the Chargé d'Affaires of the American Embassy?"

HÉLAINE—"Not until I was liberated; that is where the joke is on me." (*Laughingly.*) "I thought all along I was in love with a courier."

AMBASSADRESS—"I have already advised your mother of this love affair, and knowing what a headstrong girl you are, I have asked

her how to act. I think we shall receive a despatch from her to-day."

AMBASSADOR—(*Coming down stage to them.*) "Our guests are arriving."

(*Orchestra at L starts playing soft music. Ambassadress, Ambassador and Hélaine walk to C and there receive the guests. Hélaine stands down stage.*)

BUTLER—"His Excellency, the Ambassador of England, and her excellency the Ambassadress, en suite." (*The suite is made up of the Ambassador and Ambassadress, two secretaries of the Embassy, and the captain of the gunboat attached to the Embassy. These bow low to the host, hostess and guest of honor and make way for the others by walking to the punch bowl. The men kiss the hands of the ladies in greeting them.*)

BUTLER—(*As others come in from L and R rear, and enter room through arch C Rear.*) "Their Excellencies, the Ambassador and Ambassadress of Russia, en suite. Their Excellencies, the Ambassador and Ambassadress of Germany, en suite. Their Excellencies, the Ambassador and Ambassadress from Austria-Hungary, en suite. Their Excellencies, the Ambassador and Ambassadress of Spain, en suite. Buchnam Pasha, Ismed Bey, Kianil Pasha, Costa Con-

stantinidis Bey, His Excellency, Hilmat Pasha."

(*The guests, after greeting the hostess, guest of honor and host, gather in small groups; some partake of punch. The men crowd around Hélaine. A beautiful piece of music is finished. All applaud.*)

BUTLER—"His Excellency, the American Ambassador and the Chargé d'Affaires of the American Embassy."

(*All talk is hushed. On entering both bow deeply to the assemblage and walk over to the host, hostess and guest of honor.*)

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR—"Your Excellency, Madame and Mademoiselle, we are late. I guess it is better late than never, but if I had not been the better man, we both would never have arrived here. You would have thought that this young man was the Sun's bride and I was the High Priest, bringing him here to be sacrificed." (*All laugh.*)

HÉLAINE—(*Aside.*) "Raymond, how could you?"

RAYMOND—(*Embarrassed.*) "That's all chaff. He insisted on our trying to get here before you were all up this morning." (*Kisses her hand, aside.*) "Ah, and I thought that velvet was soft." (*He tries to kiss it again, but she snatches it away.*)

HÉLAINE—"I want a word with you, young man." (*She takes him over to divan, front stage, and they sit down. Shaking finger in his face.*) "Why have you avoided me since our escape? If you do not care, why do you persist in sending me such pretty flowers, books and such lovely little notes?"

RAYMOND—(*Looking at her steadily.*) "Hélaine, ever since that morning at Yildiz, when you took the bandage off my eyes and I looked into yours, I have been in a dream. I was afraid if I came about you and said what was in my heart to say I would wake up with a jolt."

HÉLAINE—"Will this wake you?" (*She leans over and slyly kisses him on the cheek.*)

RAYMOND—"Why, Hélaine." (*He looks at her in amazement. Pause.*) "You have now thrown me into a deep trance. It will take a hundred more to bring me out."

HÉLAINE—(*Laughing.*) "You talk very much as though you had your full senses."

RAYMOND—(*Taking Hélaine's hand.*) "Dear, since I saw you at the depot, and lost you again, I have been nearly frantic. I haunted the Pera Palace hotel, but the porters told me your party had left and I thought you had gone with them. To get you back in the way I have has made you dearer to me than existence, but I had not

then, nor have I now, the right to make love to you, and to ask for an obligation on your part until first I have a home and a better position to give you. At any moment I may be sent to Africa or to some outrageous fever-ridden place in Central America. I can't ask you to share such a life and on such a pittance I receive if I loved you and your comfort. You, who have been brought up like a princess. Anyway" (*Fervently*) "you are my queen, and I love you."

HÉLAINE—(*Fervently.*) "You are my king, and I love you. I can wait." (*Both sigh.*)

BUTLER—(*Announcing.*) "Kevshet Pasha, Generalissimo, and Javid Bey, new Minister of Finance."

(*Hélaine and Raymond stand up. Kevshet and Javid bow and present themselves to the host, hostess and walk over to Hélaine. Both kiss her hand, bowing deeply. They shake hands with Raymond.*)

KEVSHET—"In behalf of the army and government, I want to thank you two young people for the part you played in this revolution. I thank you, effendi, for aiding the young lady to escape, for if this had not been she would have been unable to have informed us of the secret passage by means of which we captured the escaping Sultan."

JAVID BEY—(*He has a portfolio in his hand.*) "When taken, he had on his person notes and securities equivalent to several million dollars in your money. These we would have lost had it not been for you, Mademoiselle, and in behalf of the Young Turks I take pleasure in presenting to you as a token of our gratitude and as a recompensation, small as it may be, for your deplorable, compulsory incarceration, the sum of a hundred thousand Turkish liras. I pray you to honor us by accepting same." (*He extends the portfolio to Hélaine, who takes it as in a daze. All applaud heartily.*)

HÉLAINE—"I hardly know what to say. I am so very grateful for getting out, and I expected no recompensation. I don't know how much this is, but I know it must be a whole lot. I thank you, Monsieurs." (*She courtesies.*)

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR — (*Holding a document in his hand.*) "Ladies and gentlemen. Here is something that arrived in the mail a very short time ago, but I have held it back for such a propitious time as this." (*He holds aloof the document.*) "This contains bad news for most of us while very good news to one of us, possibly two." (*He looks at Hélaine as he opens the document.*) "This instructs one Raymond McKensie,

former Chargé d'Affaires American Embassy, stationed at Constantinople, to proceed at once to Tangier and to occupy there the post of Envoy Extraordinary Minister Plenipotentiary for the United States of America." (*Loud applause.*) "I might add that there is no fairer spot on this green globe. Where it is never cold nor hot, where the flowers always bloom, and where the delicious tangerines grow. An ideal place for a honeymoon." (*All laugh and applaud.*)

(*A servant comes in from R2E, gives a despatch to the French Ambassadress, who reads it and hands it to the Ambassador. Exit servant R2E.*)

FRENCH AMBASSADOR—(*Taking message.*) "Here is a despatch to my wife from France which she has asked me to read." (*Reading.*) "'We are so elated over the news of Hélaine's safety that we want only her happiness considered. I leave everything in your hands, my dear Louise. Act as though she were your daughter. I have absolute confidence in your judgment. Love to you both. Geneveve.'"

HÉLAINE—(*Rushing up to the Ambassadress and swinging her around.*) "Say yes, Tante; say yes!"

AMBASSADRESS—(*Kissing her on the*

cheek.) "You are irresistible, Hélaine, and headstrong."

HÉLAINE—"Say it! say it! say it!"

AMBASSADRESS—(*Patting her on the cheek.*) "Yes—yes—yes!"

(*Hélaine rushes to Raymond and both dance around in a ring.*)

BUTLER—"Refreshments are being served in the salle à manger."

(*All exeunt C door rear walking to L, except Raymond and Hélaine, who remain standing at C.*

As the last person leaves, a form is seen to slink along from R rear back of the pillars and enter C rear. Hélaine and Raymond, both startled, glance at it. The figure looks around cautiously, then comes forward quickly but noiselessly, salaams deeply, kneels and kisses the hem of Hélaine's dress.)

HÉLAINE—(*Looking afraid and clinging to Raymond.*) "What do you wish—speak!"

BEN HASSAN ALI—"Oh, wondrous one, whose beauty dazzles the world, consider me, Ben Hassan Ali, an emissary from one who cannot come, nor dare write; one who will never again know freedom's delight, but is doomed for durance eternal in Salonika's dulness infernal."

HÉLAINE—(*Clasping her hands in excitement.*) "You—mean—the—ex-Sultan!"

BEN HASSAN ALI—"No other than he." (*He salaams, and straightening up, suddenly hands a bag to Hélaine.*) "His Majesty asks that you accept this as a token of his profound regard and everlasting respect. It is all he has managed to retain."

HÉLAINE—(*Opens the bag and takes out the necklace of aquamarines and diamonds, and drops the bag on the floor.*) "My necklace. Isn't it a beauty?" (*She hands it to Raymond.*) "I wanted it so before." (*Figure slinks off towards C rear as Raymond places it around her neck.*) "After all, Raymond, he was our guiding star." (*She turns towards figure who is backing out of the doorway C rear and blows a kiss off the end of her fingers.*) "Take that to him." (*Messenger salaams and makes exit hurriedly rear R exit. Hélaine places her hand to her temples.*) "Raymond, it is I who am now in a dream—won't you wake me, dear?" (*Raymond clasps her to his breast and places a lingering kiss on her upturned face as the lights grow dim and the curtain slowly falls, leaving the lovers enraptured in their kiss. At encore stage is in darkness, but spotlight is placed on faces of the two.*)

Curtain

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